

THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1871.

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THE

LAKE SIDE MONTHLY.

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M. ETIENNE CABET AND THE ICARIANS.

THE success of the French Revolution of 1830 placed before Lafayette and his friends a problem of uncommon perplexity. The overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty was but a tearing down: the building up, a task of even greater importance, was now to be undertaken. The abdication of Charles X. had left the country without a government; and a new one, meeting and commanding the then condition of public affairs, was the first of political necessities. What should it be? Many of the people had struck for and now expected the Republic. Lafayette himself was a Republican. He had fought for Republican principles in the United States over half a century before, and had seen spring from that momentous struggle a political system of tested virtue, combining personal freedom with public safety, intellectual progress with material prosperity. But within the same period he had seen and been a part of the French experiment of 1792—a Republic organized in the throes of a Revolution of the bloodiest character, living a stormy life of a few years only, and then falling at the feet of a despot, throttled by its own friends. His controlling desire was to see repeated in France the splendid governmental

achievements that were making the United States the marvel of modern times. The lessons of experience, however, had modified his faith in the existing capacity of his countrymen to maintain and develop a truly Republican system. Paris was not Boston. The French were not Americans. So the astute old Marquis concluded to make a compromise between his discretion and his preferences. He would not abandon the Republican idea, he argued to himself, or surrender his hope and belief in its ultimate triumph in France. Meanwhile, he would have a sort of tutorial government, with just enough of monarchy to render it stable—a Republican Constitution and an elective King—under which the people should be gradually and peacefully educated up to fitness for "the good time coming."

The least objectionable and most efficient man to head this new government, Lafayette and his friends decided, would be Louis Phillippe, Duke of Orleans. True, he belonged to the younger branch of the Bourbons; but he was distinguished as a man of talent, culture and progressive opinions. He had been proscribed and exiled both by the elder Bourbons and by Robespierre. He had visited America during his banishment, where

he saw and studied the workings of the new political system, which he openly and enthusiastically commended after his return to France as the most desirable form of government ever instituted among men. He assumed little of the haughtiness and practiced none of the vices common to the princes and nobles of that day. He touched his hat at meeting the humblest laborer, and his personal morality was above suspicion. It was not strange that Lafayette should select such a man for such a work as was then to be done. It may, indeed, now safely be surmised that the old patriot's general plan of action took not a little of its apparent feasibility in his sight from his confidence in Louis Philippe as a personage peculiarly adapted to the safe piloting of the "new departure."

Of course Lafayette's scheme met opposition — not only on grounds of policy, but as a matter of principle. A prominent, and perhaps the most influential, leader of this opposition was M. Etienne Cabet, of Dijon. Cabet was a man of ability and learning, eminent as a lawyer, and active and zealous as a political agitator. No one had contributed more, and few as much, to the Revolution then just ended. He had preached Revolution, with pen and with tongue, for twenty years. Kingcraft and priestcraft were his "pet aversions," and the rights of man, as man, the alphabet of his political faith. He was in the confidence and had full control of a majority of the Radical wing of the Red Republicans, a restless and powerful party, the element of violence, the hot-bed of rebellion. These men opposed all Kings and all nobles. The success of the Revolution was the triumph of the People, (with a big "P,") they proclaimed, and the head of the new government should of right be one of the people. And especially did they object to crowning a scion of the old Bourbon stock, an offshoot of the obnoxious dynasty which had so

long oppressed the country and preyed upon its substance.

There was not only plausibility, but consistency and justice in this view of the case, particularly as being addressed to men like Lafayette and his adherents; and it was clearly evident that safety and success could be assured only through a conciliation of the Cabet Republicans. Accordingly Cabet was told that his views in the main were correct, but in advance of the popular capacity; that a patient and prudent schooling of the people would in time develop and establish Republicanism on a secure basis, while to precipitate it, without any preparation, would be to expose the idea to trials wherein defeat would be not merely postponement, but almost certain annihilation. The creation of a new dynasty was not contemplated. Louis Philippe was to have no successor. He was to be the "Citizen King of the French," deriving his position from popular permission and election. He was not to rule "by Divine right," after the manner of the Bourbons, but was to be strictly accountable to the people; and at his death the Republic would be organized under propitious circumstances and on a permanent foundation. With these representations of the Conservatives, no doubt honestly and sincerely put forth, Cabet and his followers were finally satisfied. So they withdrew all opposition to the inauguration of the new government; the forfeiture of the old dynasty was pronounced; Louis Philippe was chosen King; and on August 9th, 1830, in the Palais Bourbon, the transfer of the crown was formally made, amid the booming of cannon, the music of the *Marseillaise* and the fervent acclamations of the people.

At the personal solicitation of the King, Cabet accepted office under the new government, and he and his friends gave earnest and valuable support to the "Citizen" monarch and his measures. All went well for a few

years. Louis Philippe's course, at home and abroad, satisfied the people and strengthened the government. The Constitution was faithfully observed. General quiet prevailed. Attention was turned to material enterprises; and labor, encouraged and protected, found contentment and grew prosperous. By degrees, however—so slight at first as to excite no criticism—the King altered his tactics; and, instead of going on with preparations for the establishment of the Republic, adopted a line of action that looked much like an intent to found a new dynasty. Two of his sons were married to German princesses; a third wedded a sister of the Queen of Spain; and his daughter became the wife of the widower Leopold, the childless King of Belgium. He gathered around him a new set of counsellors. His foreign policy commenced to show intrigues of dangerous tendency. Many of his important promises were openly broken, or quietly rendered futile by non-fulfillment. The government was going backward. Bourbonism was taking shape again.

Cabet was the first to sound the alarm. Remonstrance was useless. The adroit and plausible "Citizen King" was master of the situation. Hope lay only in an appeal to the people: escape led through the Red Sea of last resort—Revolution. Comprehending the peril in all its fullness, Cabet, honest and spirited, promptly resigned his office under the government, and resumed his old position as agitator against the National authority. He assailed the crooked and crafty conduct of the King with violent speeches, inflammatory pamphlets, and caustic editorials in "*Le Populaire*," a journal which he established for the purpose. Cabet's course, taken of his own motion and without formidable backing, could have, under the circumstances, but one immediate result. The government was a fixed fact, acknowledged by all the civilized powers of the world, and strong

enough at home to command both fear and respect. It was vigilant, too, and swift to seize and dispose of its opponents. Cabet was prominent, earnest, dangerous. Louis Philippe knew him too well to tolerate his hostility. He was indicted for treason. But rather than appear before a court, and submit to the condemnation and punishment sure to follow, he fled from France in disguise. He had but to cross the English Channel, as other fugitives had done before him, and as the "Citizen King" did a few years after him, to find protection and the privilege of writing and publishing his opinions unvexed by surveillance and unmolested by arbitrary prosecutions.

Once safely domiciled in London, Cabet soon appeared in a new role. He was no longer a lawyer, a statesman, a political agitator. He became a philosopher, a historian, a general "friend of humanity." He shut himself up in his study and spent his time writing books. First, he wrote "*A History of the French Revolution of 1792*," a voluminous work, comprising four large octavo volumes. It was accurate in its statements of facts, and the style of the narrative was attractive and unambiguous. The story was told from a Radical Red Republican point of observation, and warmly advocated and defended the doctrines and practices of that party. Robespierre was set up as a hero and a martyr, who failed, not because he was too unrelenting and vindictive, but because he was not sufficiently cruel and revengeful. He should not have paused, Cabet contended, while a single aristocratic head rested on shoulders, or a single priest remained to celebrate mass, in the whole country. This was the "lesson" of the History, this the theory upon which the failure of the Revolution was explained.

Cabet's next literary venture, and the most important work he produced, was a small duodecimo volume of two hundred pages, entitled, "*Voy-*

ages in Icaria." This work, written in the style of romance, was an account of a fabulous visit to a fabulous island where the inhabitants all lived and labored as a common family. It was intended to define, illustrate, and enforce the author's "new philosophy of life," or plan for the reorganization of society and the establishment of a "universal brotherhood" among men. The idea of presenting the scheme in a figurative form was suggested by More's "Utopia" and Fenelon's "Telemaque." The theory advanced was a radical system of socialism. The fabulous community held everything in common. The capitalist who deposited a fortune, the laborer who brought with him only his sturdy arms, and the idler whose laziness made him an absolute burden, all enjoyed the same social and political privileges and had guaranteed to them the same rights of property. There was no aristocracy, natural or artificial. All ate at the same table, wore the same kind of clothes, represented the same amount of stock, and had the same voice in affairs of government. All earnings went into a general fund. All expenses were paid from the public purse. And the conjectural people of the imaginary island were contented, happy, prosperous, and virtuous.

Cabet was not only a historian, a philosopher, and a social-scientist, but a theologian, also,—a Red Republican theologian, so to speak. He added to his "History of the Revolution," and his "Voyages in Icaria," a carefully prepared work called "True Christianity," in exposition of his original and peculiar views concerning the life and works of the Saviour. The argument of the book was to the effect, in brief, that the Founder of Christianity was a moral and social reformer, teaching the doctrines of "universal brotherhood" and a community of goods, not a Divine personage at all, but a man of progressive and philosophic views, who did much good in the

world and would have accomplished very much more had he not been suddenly cut off by the Conservative Jews; the pioneer of socialism, in short, who first gave utterance, in a crude and shadowy style, to the principles since more fully and perspicuously set forth in "Voyages in Icaria."

While Cabet was writing and superintending the publication of these books in England—embracing a period of about five years—the feeling against Louis Philippe in France had reached fever heat. The Revolution of 1848 came on; and the "Citizen King" was hurled from power and forced to flee the country under an assumed name. Cabet returned to Paris at once, and was received by his friends with great joy. The throne was burned, the overthrow of the monarchy officially sanctioned, and the Republic proclaimed. It was not such a Republic, however, as suited the philosophic Cabet. Socialism and Red Republicanism were ignored. The government was in the hands of the Conservatives. Discouraged and disgusted, Cabet renounced politics; and after a year of varied experiences, including a trip to America, he collected about him some four hundred of his followers, whom he called "The Vanguard of the Grand Army of Humanity," and, with this little colony in charge, turned his back upon France forever, resolved to found and develop his "new philosophy of life" under the benign protection of the flag of the United States.

Early in March, 1849, Cabet and his colony landed at Nauvoo, Illinois, the deserted capital of Mormondom, situated at the head of the Des Moines Rapids on the Mississippi River. Four years before, Nauvoo was the most populous city in the State, having nearly twelve thousand inhabitants, while Chicago had only about eight thousand. Less than three years had elapsed since the Mormons were expelled from the city, leaving

behind them hundreds of empty houses that were still unoccupied when Cabet arrived. In these tenantless dwellings the French "Vanguard of the Grand Army of Humanity" found immediate shelter; and within a week the colony was fully organized and prepared for action, under the name of "The Icarian Community," on the basis of the socialistic theory illustrated in Cabet's romance. A constitution was adopted and an election held. Cabet was chosen president for the first year by a unanimous vote. The only other officers provided for were four "Ministers," — forming a sort of Presidential Cabinet — to have special charge, respectively, of the finances, the farming operations, the workshops and the schools. The duties and powers of the officers were very imperfectly defined. Almost everything was left to individual discretion. The Ministers, however, were under the supervision and direction of the President. And thus, the last-named functionary had substantially supreme control of the organization, subject only to the will of the community at large, expressed in the general election once a year, or in special elections called at the Presidential pleasure.

It was easy for the community to make advantageous investments of its funds. Nauvoo had not yet recovered from the Mormon blight, and property was purchasable at very low figures. The walls of the old Mormon temple, near the centre of the city, were still standing — a hundred and twenty-eight feet long, eighty feet wide and sixty feet high, and constructed of white limestone, beautifully finished. All the wood-work about the building had been destroyed by fire some months before, but the stone walls were apparently uninjured. Cabet purchased these spacious and magnificent ruins from the Mormon agents, together with eleven acres of ground, for four

thousand dollars. The design was to fit up the building for occupation by the community; and work to that end was at once begun. But before any considerable progress was made, a terrible tornado swept over that section of the country and shattered the temple walls to a mass of rubbish. Undaunted by this misfortune, the Icarians speedily erected, on the temple grounds and in the vicinity thereof a number of large two-story brick buildings, and bought several others from the American residents. One of these buildings was divided into small rooms for sleeping apartments, another was arranged for a dining-hall, another for a nursery, another as a residence for the President, and still others for work-shops and store-houses. The best of the material in the *debris* of the temple was used in building a school-house. A flouring mill near the city was purchased. No lands for agricultural purposes were bought, but a number of farms in the neighborhood were leased for a term of years. In addition to the mill and the farms, manufactories, on a small scale, of boots and shoes, clothing, etc., were provided to furnish employment to members of the community.

Cabet bought all his supplies and sold all his surplus products at St. Louis, through a commission merchant. He did no trading at Nauvoo; and his "soldiers of humanity" held no intercourse, except by chance, with the Americans living around them. The Communists all dressed in the same kind of clothing — the men wearing blue cotton blouses and pantaloons and braided straw hats, and the women blue cotton frocks white aprons and white sun-bonnets. The cooking was carried on in common, and the victuals all eaten at a single table. The washing and ironing was also done "in the lump," by regular details of women. In fact, the whole society was as a single family, excepting only in the matter

of lodging. Children remained under the care and control of their parents for two years; then they were placed in the nursery, presided over by the elderly women, where they remained until five years of age, when they were transferred to the school. Females were expected, though not compelled, to marry at fourteen, and males at eighteen — always, of course, inside of the community. Sunday was uniformly and entirely devoted to amusement and recreation: the children in the school and nursery were allowed to spend the day with their parents; games of all kinds abounded; a band of musicians discoursed popular airs from the verandah of the President's residence; and at night old and young gathered together in the dining-hall to witness a play and engage in a general dance. They had no religious exercises, for they did not even believe in a God; they reared their children in spiritual darkness, and sent their dead to the grave without prayer. The community was largely made up from the better element of the French middle class. Most of the men were well-bred, and not a few of them possessed talent and learning of a high order. The women were tidy, modest, and intelligent, and many of them remarkably beautiful. The general deportment of both sexes was free from all taint of immorality. Marital vows were strictly observed, and temptations to evil vigilantly guarded against. Cabet himself was a man of model habits; and his "family," as he frequently called the community, followed his example with a faithfulness worthy of unreserved commendation.

The industrial operations of the community — the most important feature of such a scheme as Cabet's — were carried on in a manner peculiarly French, and reasonably certain to end in failure. There was no adaptation of means to ends. The "raw material" — the labor of the work-

men — was squandered in all directions. Short-sightedness ruled everywhere. Miscalculation and misdirection were apparent at a glance, to an intelligent outsider, in every plan adopted and every enterprise undertaken. Cabet was thoroughly incapable of utilizing the elements upon which his success was mainly dependent. He entirely lacked the faculty of measuring the capabilities of his laborers, and putting those capabilities to proper and profitable uses. A few individual illustrations will suffice to show his incompetency in this important regard. A physician who had received diplomas from two German Universities, and an ex-military officer who had won distinction in Algiers and been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, were enrolled in the corps of wood-choppers. A civil engineer who had superintended the construction of a great French railroad was put in charge of the wheezy old engine of the flouring-mill. An accomplished young architect and builder from Normandy was retained by the President as a private secretary, and spent most of his time rendering Cabet's good French into very poor English for publication in "The Popular Tribune," a dingy little five-column journal devoted to the glorification of the "new philosophy of life." And so on through the list. These men were all competent in their way, and might have been made useful; but under Cabet's direction they earned scarcely the salt in their soup. One experienced woodsman would have accomplished more in a day than the whole corps of twenty or thirty Icarian choppers: one practical and industrious Illinois farmer cultivates more land and gathers a larger crop than did any dozen of Cabet's "philosophic" husbandmen.

It needed no prophet to predict the result of such a system of labor. Any Yankee could have "calculated" it from the start. Raising corn at an

expense of a dollar a bushel when it would sell for only fifteen or twenty cents, running a little flouring-mill with a force of forty men where only two or three were actually required, and chopping cord-wood at an outlay of time and strength equivalent to fifty times the actual value of the product, could hardly be made remunerative under the most favorable of circumstances. The Icarian accounts-current gradually grew unmanageable. Debts accumulated, and creditors commenced to be troublesome. Sympathizing friends in France made occasional remittances of funds, and the emigrants who came over now and then to join the society added something more. Still there was no accumulation, but rather a daily lessening of the means of the community. One by one, several of the most intelligent and enterprising members withdrew. The purchasing agent of the organization, an active and valuable man, obtained permission to visit his friends in France, and failed to return; the mill engineer left "between two days" and went to St. Louis, where he became a prominent and wealthy citizen; the President's private secretary mysteriously disappeared during a business trip to the country, and afterwards became reputably known as superintendent of the erection of the Lindell Hotel and other important buildings in St. Louis, and as architect of the new State House at Springfield, Illinois, the construction of which is under his charge at this writing. Many others followed, as fast as they could get away without creating any disturbance; and it really began to look as though very soon only the drones would be left.

At this juncture of affairs—early in the spring of 1855—the community received a noticeable accession in the person of a young New York merchant who had been fascinated by Cabet's socialistic theory, and this led to quitting his counting-room to try the "new life" at Nauvoo. This

engaging young convert was immediately placed by Cabet at the head of the Icarian Treasury and charged with the task of untangling the financial difficulties of the society, which were just then putting the President's "philosophy" to a severe test. The first step, naturally, was to re-model the labor system and make the several industries remunerative. One would suppose that, as a means to that end, the new Finance Minister would have submitted a plan for ascertaining the capabilities of each individual laborer and placing him where his services would prove most profitable. Neglect of such a course, had, directly and indirectly, brought on the embarrassment; and how was relief to be so sensibly or so promisingly sought as in a prompt correction of past mistakes? The debts could be paid, the community's credit restored, and permanent prosperity attained, only by advancing the efficiency of labor and thus increasing its product. That was evident at sight. But this new financier was also a philosopher. He had a theory. He would have the Constitution so amended as to change the President's term of office from one year to four years. That, he urged, would give stability to the organization, and thus effectually check disaffection and stimulate industry to the achievement of largely enhanced results. Cabet was delighted with the idea. He had no doubt, he said, that the proposed amendment would prove a complete panacea for all the evils with which Icaria was afflicted. So he submitted it to a popular vote, supposing that his recommendation was sufficient to ensure a unanimous decision in its favor. To his surprise, however, it was strongly opposed in the community. The movement was reactionary. If the President succeeded in securing an extension of his official term to four years, he would probably next find a way to prolong it for the period of his natural life, and then

declare himself Dictator and rule all Icaria with a rod of iron. The excited and alarmed Communists did not seem to reflect that there was any other government in this country than that of their society. Not one of them had become a citizen of the United States under the naturalization laws; and very few of them had even a superficial understanding of the structure and purposes of our political system. They did not know, apparently, that the civil authorities of the small municipality of Nauvoo, or of the State of Illinois, or even of the National Government had any jurisdiction over their organization or any right to interfere in behalf of its members against oppression and violence. To their minds, if Cabet should crown himself king over them, and set the guillotine at work chopping off their heads, there was no power under the sun to which they could appeal for protection. Holding such views, it was but natural in them to distrust and oppose the projected change. And their suspicions were confirmed and intensified when it became known that the scheme had originated with the new Minister of Finance, whom nearly all of them believed to be an aristocrat, for he had never worn the customary cotton blouse and coarse shoes, but retained the black broadcloth coat and calf-skin boots that he had brought with him from New York. The election came on, and the proposed Constitutional amendment was rejected by a very decisive majority. And not content with this, the voters emphasized their expression of feeling in the matter by proceeding to the election of a new President, repudiating Cabet by a large vote and choosing a member of the opposition to take his place.

Here was trouble. Cabet was indignant, and his Minister of Finance in a foaming rage. It was mid-winter, and the workmen were all idle. Debts were falling due every day,

with scant means for payment. And now Revolution threatened to lift its "grim-visaged front" in their midst. To prevent this catastrophe, outside persons, prominent citizens of Nauvoo, undertook to conciliate the belligerents and effect a compromise. All the majority asked was that Cabet should abandon and cease to press his obnoxious proposition to extend his term of office. Cabet received this as an insult; but after much persuasion, and in consideration of preventing the suffering likely to ensue from his obstinacy, he finally consented to withdraw the proposed Constitutional amendment. When this was done the majority promptly held a new election and restored Cabet to the Presidency without a dissenting vote. Then followed a formal reconciliation. A feast was ordained. Flags were flung out; songs were in all mouths; and general joy prevailed. Icarianism had safely crossed its Hellespont.

Very soon, however, it became manifest that Cabet had merely succumbed to public pressure without really abandoning the project of prolonging his official term. Once securely re-installed as leader of the community, he brought the rejected plan forward again, and urged it with renewed tenacity. He would be President for four years, or he would be nothing. A special election was called, and Cabet was defeated. A new President was selected, and a new Cabinet appointed. Cabet and his friends refused to surrender their offices, and they were taken possession of by force.

Cabet was now stripped of all authority. About one-third of the community, however, still adhered to him and his fortunes, and refused to work under the new officers. The majority held a meeting, and, adopting the Scriptural theory that "If a man work not, neither shall he eat," passed a resolution excluding the followers of Cabet from the common

table. The new President stood at the head of the breakfast-table next morning, and, in a pompous style, commenced to read the mandate. But, before he had half-finished it, he was suddenly and rudely seized by a crowd of Cabetites, while, simultaneously, there arose a yell so wild, so loud, and so piercing, that the whole city was startled. This was the signal for the onset of Cabet's friends. The majority were taken by surprise; but, swiftly comprehending the situation, they answered the challenge with such a shout as was never heard outside of Paris. Yell succeeded yell, growing in volume and in vehemence, until a general rush of outsiders was made towards the scene of the disturbance. The dining-hall was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious and excited spectators. A magistrate, in stentorian tones, commanded the peace. But there was no peace. The doors and windows were all closed and barricaded, and the battle-cries of the opposing parties, the shrieks of frightened women, and the clatter of feet hurrying to and fro, made the gazing and listening outsiders shudder with terror. It was supposed that gory work was going on inside the building. Many fancied they could hear the clash of weapons and the struggles of the combatants; and some were shocked and sickened by what they conceived to be the cries and groans of the wounded and dying. The suspense at length became unbearable. A bystander seized an old rusty axe and split open the principal door. Immediately the Icarians of both factions rushed out pell-mell into the cool morning air, and, in a few minutes, all became calm as a Quaker meeting. The crowd of spectators hastened in to see the destruction of the battle. The sight was a sell. They found neither dead nor wounded. There were no battered weapons, and no pools or stains of blood. The un-

tasted breakfast stood on the table in perfect order. Not a mark of violence was visible. The insurrection had spent itself in a series of those terrific yells which only French organs of speech can be trained to utter. That was all.

The breach between the factions was now complete. A few more demonstrations similar to the one just noted took place, when Cabet and his followers withdrew and rented other property, leaving the majority in complete mastery of the organization.

Cabet remained in Nauvoo only a few weeks longer. The feeling against him was bitter beyond hope of healing. Insult met him at every turn, and he lived in daily fear of assassination. To stay there was not only unpleasant, but hazardous. So, early in November 1856, accompanied by a few of his more ardent adherents, he embarked on a steamboat for St. Louis. He was an old man now of nearly seventy years, broken down both in body and spirit. His appearance was strikingly venerable. Decrepit and dejected as he was, he still retained the royal demeanor of the scholar and the gentleman. He uttered no complaints, and manifested no impatience. He was calm, collected, and apparently, unconcerned, illustrating in a peculiarly impressive manner, that short but significant motto underneath the portrait of Warren Hastings in the Council Chamber of Calcutta: "*Mens æqua arduis*" — "a mind steady under difficulties." He had labored half a century through doubt and care and strife, in honest endeavors to better the condition of his fellow-men. Endowed by nature with solid talents, educated in schools of the highest excellence, and favored with early and brilliant prospects of distinction, he had given all to exalt and advance, what he believed to be human rights and human progress. And now, in the autumn of his tem-

pest-tossed life, when he should be enjoying the comforts and pleasures of old age —

“As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends” —

Misfortune was driving him forth in poverty and sickness, with hardly a corporal's guard of companions, to search among strangers in a strange land for bread and a home. What his plans were, if any he had, no one knew. Little matter; his work was finished. He died on board the boat, and his faithful followers buried his body on the shore of the Mississippi, within sight of the city of St. Louis.

Slender hope remained for Cabet's handful of sorrowing friends. They rented property in the vicinity of St. Louis, and attempted to establish a manufactory; but the want of funds soon compelled them to abandon it. They then dissolved their organization by mutual consent, and went each his own way in quest of work—wiser men, perhaps, if not better, for the experience through which they had passed.

The majority party, which remained at Nauvoo, manfully and honestly addressed itself to the work of adjusting the financial troubles of the society. All the Nauvoo property was turned over to a trustee, sold at public auction, and the proceeds promptly and equitably applied to the payment of the debts. A large balance was left due their commission merchant at St. Louis, and smaller amounts to various creditors, on all of which an extension of time was granted. The Community then re-

moved to Adams County, Iowa, where, some years previously, Cabet had invested a portion of their funds in several hundred acres of wild lands, at a very low price. In the improvement and cultivation of these lands they succeeded beyond their expectations. Their crops brought them a large income, and their farms were constantly increasing in value. But success, instead of stimulating to greater exertions, tended to produce dissatisfaction among the members with such a mode of living. They longed to regain their personal independence. Collective prosperity only demonstrated to them what they might accomplish as individuals. The result was, that they gradually retired, a few families at a time,—sacrificing everything they had helped to accumulate,—until the Community dwindled down to thirty persons, including men, women, and children,—the least capable and energetic of all, remaining simply because they lacked the pluck to get away. Long ago all the liabilities of the society had been cancelled by honest payment, and the entire property, free from encumbrance of any kind, passed into the control and ownership of this remnant of the Community. They still keep up the organization; but it has been so modified from time to time, that it now bears little resemblance to the original. Icarianism, as invented and taught by Cabet, may be said to have disappeared. Only the name now remains.

HENRY KING.

A FLIGHT OVER ILLINOIS.

AEROSTATICS has not yet become so common a recreation but that the experiences of a journalist while up in a Balloon, sailing, not round the moon, as the song has it, but over the State of Illinois, will be read with some degree of interest, especially if it be confessed in advance that the amateur voyager in the air, whose experiences are to be narrated, is a person of no considerable amount of physical courage or hardihood, and hence liable to all the perturbations and well alive to all the inconveniences of a voyage through the clouds in a five-bushel basket, with a rather long-legged fellow passenger.

This being assumed, I will relate my adventures as succinctly as possible.

I had felt a moderate desire, or curiosity, to make a Balloon voyage ever since, in early youth, I saw Mr. John Wise soar aloft from a New England village, (St. Johnsbury, Vt.,) in behalf of some Fourth of July celebration. This feeling was quickened somewhat when, a few weeks ago, a balloonist named Stemmer dropped into the office of a Chicago journal with which I am connected, and with a good deal of enthusiasm told what he had accomplished, and what he thought he could accomplish, in the way of aerial navigation. The result was, I made an appointment to go up with him on the next trip he should make. A fortnight after he wrote me that he would sail from Clinton, Iowa, on the 22nd ult. I was on hand at the time and place, but, owing to lack of gas, (he used the coal gas of the city works, and used all they had,) the Balloon had not buoyancy enough to take up two passengers. The man himself got off, however, without a pound of ballast

or even a coat to his back, or an anchor to help him in landing.

"Come to Dixon," he shouted to me as he vanished into thin air, "and I'll take you up on the 13th of September; hydrogen gas, and no trouble to lift you."

Accordingly, I was on hand at Dixon, eagerly bent on the voyage; for although, as I have said, the element of physical courage is not abundant in me, I had seen how splendidly the air ship floated in the empyrian, when once under way, and the fascination of the aeronaut was upon me.

I was so full of it that I could not maintain the reticence which dignity might require, especially after the failure of one similar expedition. A lady upon the train had a little girl in whom I got interested, and through whom I of course got acquainted with the mother. She was going to Dixon, she said; could I tell her what time the Balloon would go up, and from where? I told her from the Fair Grounds in the afternoon, and that I was going up in it. She shrunk back reverentially, and hardly ventured to speak to me any more, so great had her awe of me apparently become.

I told the landlord at the hotel about it, and he abated half my bill at once as if in the way of an *ante-mortem* contribution, (and not very long *ante* either), to my widow and orphans.

I met a friend on the street who was out drumming in the grocery line. Mentioned to him the intended excursion. He said, "Don't you do it, old boy. I'd see the Balloon in — before I would trust myself in it." And he mentioned a place where, as I straightway explained to him, a Bal-

loon inflated with combustible gas would stand no chance at all.

Had I got an accident policy? he asked: and I told him yes, that I had given my wife full directions how to proceed in case the Company should claim that I had violated the conditions. Indeed, my last words to her had been, "They'll pay on those tickets, if for nothing more than the notoriety of the case." But these words had not, somehow, reassured her as I thought they ought.

I passed through the streets to the Fair Grounds, overcoat in hand. I had been identified by several loafers about the hotel as the man who was to go up with the Balloon. They passed me and pointed me out, with a knowing shake of the head. But the boys were more appreciative. They said to each other, "That's the man! That's him!" and followed me admiringly and with steadily swelling numbers.

At the entrance of the Fair Grounds they were shut out by the pressure of pecuniary necessity, combined with the rigor of the gate-keeper; but the infection had somehow spread inside the enclosure, and "That's him! that's him!" passed from mouth to mouth, as I made my way through the lane of people which opened for me, like the Red Sea for the host of Israel.

By the time I reached the Balloon, I was fully persuaded that I was a brave man. By the time I had got seated on a sand bag or two in the bottom of the little narrow basket, I had begun to doubt this somewhat; and by the time the huge yellow bag had been launched into its element, with us two puny mortals hung to it, like a drop of soapy water at the bottom of a blown bubble, I had relinquished the idea of bravery altogether. The virtues of *terra firma*, which I had so lately despised, then rushed upon my consciousness like a mother's lessons recalled when too late to save. But of course I did n't

quail to the extent of calling on the aeronaut to take me back and go on without me. No; I had too much obstinacy—or it may have been mere lack of moral courage—for that. So I kept on a brave face (though Stemmer said it was a very pale one), and said, with a gulp, "This is ——— bully." (The dash represents a slight obstacle which the last word had in getting out of my throat.)

But what use had I for courage then? There was only one thing to do, and that was to stick to the basket. To step within that charmed receptacle, while upon *terra firma* and in the face of a gaping crowd, may have required some bravery. To lie still in the bottom of it, with head raised just above the edge, required none at all. Hence it was, I suppose, that my courage took the opportunity to collapse.

But the Balloon did not. She was filled about two-thirds full with good hydrogen, her capacity being 15,000 feet. Her material was of Irish linen, (which is not as good as silk,) covered, or rather soaked, with cheap varnish. The network which enclosed the bag was gathered within an iron hoop, two feet in diameter, just below the neck of the bag; and the basket, which was not more than sixteen inches across at the bottom, depended by small but strong cords of cotton from the hoop, and about seven feet below it.

We could carry only three bags of ballast, weighing in all only a hundred and fifty pounds; so that we had but little chance to ply up and down from stratum to stratum and current to current.

In less time than it has taken you to read this last paragraph, my trepidation, caused by the novelty of the situation and by the slight rocking of the Balloon, together with Stemmer's antics in regard to the crowd below, had entirely disappeared, and I was becoming greatly exhilarated by the sense of elevation. Upward motion,

which also tends to exhilarate, I did not feel, except for the first two or three hundred feet, for the large bulk of the balloon served to shut out the apparent current of air from which one usually gets the idea of swift motion, when all other indices fail. So we seemed soon to come to a stand-still, while the ground sank away from us somewhat as it used to rise about us when in boyhood we whirled around until we became dizzy. The people, of course, went with it—sunk away with hats and kerchiefs waving, in response to Stemmer's extraordinary gyrations upon his perch, which was the edge of the basket. Their shouts were very plainly heard, even after they themselves became a mere variegated patch, and the Fair Grounds with its high enclosure, a little sheep-yard, or something of the sort.

By this time I was disposed to lean outward a little, holding on by a great many cords, and survey the scene at large. At large, indeed! You have no idea what the phrase signifies unless you have been up in a Balloon. You have no idea what a magnificent planet this earth is unless you have gazed upon it from an elevation of three thousand feet. This was our height, as Stemmer estimated, at the time when my admiration was at its acme.

There, in the first place, was the lovely town of Dixon, nestling among hills and embowered in shrubbery. We had sailed so far westward that the view was from an angle of about twenty degrees, and hence more pleasing than a vertical one—church-steeple and factory chimnies being relieved against the surrounding verdure. There was the Rock river—a fine broad stream, with its three stately bridges, its mill-ponds and its islands, which seemed enchanted. There were the fertile fields—green, checkered off with light brown wheat and corn fields. There were the railroads, diverging in all directions; and

two trains, which were only crawling along, it seemed, shot off their whistles, as if in salute to us; perhaps in sheer envy at our superior mode of locomotion.

But we were rapidly losing sight of all details, for the Balloon was rising splendidly, notwithstanding the slackness of the inflation. She was also carrying us well off toward the southwest, the current setting strongly in that direction. We sailed about eight miles thus, judging the distance by the fact that we were about midway between, though considerably south of, two villages which, from their size and location, were evidently Sterling and Nelson, on the Northwestern railway. We had also a distinct view of Amboy, lying eight or nine miles to the east of us. At this point we had attained an elevation of perhaps 8,000 feet. At least, that was what my companion judged it at, having no barometer for testing it accurately. Indeed, I don't know whether he could have ciphered from it, if he had had one.

We continued to ascend until we had drifted, I should say, two miles further to the southeast, and risen 2,000 feet higher. At this point we could see, though but dimly, owing to a slight haze, the cities of Fulton, Clinton, and Lyons on the Mississippi, which must have been between twenty-five and thirty miles away, by a direct line.

At an elevation which we estimated to be 10,000 feet, we struck a current directly counter to that by which we had travelled thus far; that is, it blew from the southwest. The Balloon struck it with a sort of jolt, as a vehicle upon the ground strikes a stone in a roadway—allowance being made, of course, for the elasticity of the gases with which and through which we were navigating. The bag careened backward a little, giving us solids a smart jerk, as if to say, "Come along, if I must be encumbered with you! I only wish I could drop you and have a good shoot upward."

But we had no idea of abandoning our good ship at such an elevation. I asked Stemmer what he thought would be the result if we *should* get a jerk hard enough to throw us from the basket. He said he had no fears but that we should reach the ground. This comforted me, of course, but of that there was little need, for I was in high spirits and not at all nervous. Stemmer did not compliment me on this, but remarked, while I solicited something of the kind, that he had taken up bigger cowards than I, who always became perfectly composed after reaching the height of a mile or so. This he attributed oracularly to the "diminution of electricity."

We were now floating, as nearly as we could judge, due northeast. This judgment was confirmed by our passing directly over Dixon, and hearing distinctly some strains of the brass band—though not enough to distinguish the air which they were playing. Then we left Nachusa to the right, and saw what we took to be Oregon at about the same distance to our left. We continued on thus, until an hour and a half had elapsed since three o'clock, the time of our starting. We had kept rising all the while, though more slowly during the last three-quarters of an hour; so that we were now probably some 15,000 feet above the sea level, and more than 14,000 feet above *terra firma*. We were also, we found, entering a dense cloud.

"Ah! this is jolly," was my exclamation, but I soon repented of it; for not only had the cold become so great that the thermometer marked only 40°, but the dampness of the cloud added a terrible chill to the effect of the atmosphere. This evil soon brought its own cure, however, for the dampness deposited upon the bag and the condensation of the gas inside soon caused the Balloon to drop rapidly until the cloud was cleared. Here we struck an eddy, or whirlwind, which played with our

huge ship as if it were indeed a soap bubble, and we the drop of water at the bottom. The jerk was repeated with increased emphasis. A cord snapped just above us.

"It is only one that I tied too tight," said Stemmer; but I noticed that he looked a little uneasy, and gave his valve-cord a little pull, to make sure that the valve was firm and the cord in working order.

He found all satisfactory, and I breathed more freely. In fact, I could not but breathe freely, for at the elevation of 14,000 feet, one has to keep breathing pretty lively to keep his lungs supplied with oxygen, so rare does the atmosphere become at that height. We soon ceased to sink, and after circling around for about five minutes, found ourselves in a steady current, but in what direction it was taking us neither of us could guess.

At this point, we saw, off at the north, a city, or large village, which from certain landmarks, I recognized as Belvidere.

"Ah!" I said to Stemmer, "now I see why they have so much trouble with their drought and moisture along this section of the Kishwaukee. This eddy of the air-currents is a regular institution. The point we have left is the grand junction of the winds for this part of the country, and storms get switched off on such and such tracks and can't go anywhere else. Hence you will see sections of a few townships about here which go entirely without rain for a whole season or else have a superabundance of it while neighboring sections are thirsting."

And this I consider a high opinion in meteorology. But it would have been still higher if I had waited ten minutes before delivering it; for the conductor had now determined to rise as far as possible, so as to be sure that we were in a steady eastward current, which, according to the observations of aeronauts, constantly

prevails throughout this zone. Accordingly he threw out two of the three bags of sand—a dangerous expedient as our after experience proved. But we rose handsomely, and Stemmer soon announced oracularly, that we had reached an elevation of 18,000 feet.

"How do you know?" I demanded, for my sudden evolution of a brand new theory, had led me to assume some scientific consequence.

He remarked loftily that he had not made three hundred ascensions to no purpose whatever, and that his feelings were as good as any barometer.

By this time, I had begun to mistrust that Stemmer was not so much of a scientist as he was a hippodroming showman; so I catechised him further.

"How do you account for this steady westerly current?" I asked.

"O, it's caused by—by the revolution of the earth, and the inertia of the air," was his answer. "The attraction of the earth for the atmosphere at this height is little or nothing. Hence the solid body of the earth, in making its daily revolution, does not succeed in carrying but a small portion of the atmosphere—say a stratum, of about two miles in height—around with it, at its own rate of speed."

"And so," I said, "we are not really flying eastward at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but merely *waiting* at that rate, for 'Chicago and other important points' to come along under us?"

"That is it, precisely," was his answer.

"But your theory has one slight drawback."

"What is that?"

"Why, simply the fact that the world revolves to the *eastward*, and accordingly this current, or *quasi* current, ought to be blowing *the other way*."

The "Professor" was thenceforth

silent concerning his theory: but he maintained that the fact remained, and if I had any better way of explaining it, I might take the floor.

It was too cold, however, to argue further. The breath of our nostrils was white upon our moustaches, and our limbs were benumbed with cold so that we had to beat ourselves smartly to keep the blood in circulation. The thermometer marked 15° (Fah.) or 17° below the freezing point. We had not altogether lost sight of the world below, but were able to see enough of the villages which we passed with wonderful rapidity, to compare them with a map which I had brought along, and discover that we were going due east. The rate we made out to be fully sixty miles per hour, the distance to Marengo, twelve miles east of Belvidere, having been passed in the same number of minutes.

This was a swifter rate of speed than I had ever experienced before; but there was little sensation of motion, for the simple reason that with our little weight and vast exposure of surface, we were going almost exactly as fast as the wind. Hence there was no apparent breeze, and hence, also, our failure to suffer as severely with the cold as we would have done from the same temperature under ordinary circumstances. The moisture, too, which we had gathered from the clouds, disappeared suddenly in the rarified atmosphere, wherever the heat of our bodies was sufficient to thaw it. Nevertheless there was always a frosty appearance upon our moustaches, caused by the rapid congelation of our breath.

The most disagreeable sensation which we experienced was that caused by the rare condition of the atmosphere. At the height of 18,000 feet the barometer stands at only about 15", showing that the air has only one-half the density which it possesses at the level of the ocean. Perhaps the reader has eaten oyster soup

at a hotel when the rush for dinner was unexpectedly great. If so, he has been disgusted with the exceeding thinness of the *potage*, of which he might consume a bucketful without gaining any appreciable nourishment. Just so we found our atmosphere to work, with the fatal exception (in our case) that we had no element corresponding to the roast beef to fall back upon. The effect of this scant supply of air was a sensation approaching that of suffocation. It seemed as if our lungs were not in good working order; for, though we threw them wide open, there seemed to be no oxygen rushing in to fill them. Accompanying this indication came a quickening of our pulses and a rush of blood toward the head. My neck seemed swollen, (indeed was swollen, for I felt considerable relief after bursting a collar button,) and my lips felt thick and puffy. I have heard that the eyes sometimes gush blood under such circumstances; but there were no such unpleasant symptoms in our case.

And on we flew at a mile a minute!

We did not talk much, for the awful stillness which now prevailed, and the indescribable sense of isolation from all things terrestrial and familiar, made all sounds, even those of our own voices, seem like something almost terrible. The occasional flapping of the Balloon's neck, or a slight creak of the basket, startled me as if Ariel, prince of air, seeing his domains invaded by strangers, had got out his artillery and was blazing away in our very ears. We were above all resorts of the highest soaring birds; above all terrestrial sounds; above the clouds, even; for looking downward, there was nothing visible but a grey blank. There was no sky above us any more, for that which gives the vault its beautiful blue tinge was all below us. Nothing was to be seen except the red sun, burning near the horizon, and the huge, bellying form of our fellow exile, the Balloon.

The grey blank below us meant, of

course, that we were beclouded again—that is, had been shut off by them from all our landmarks. I confess that by this time I began to feel homesick. Our aim had been to land as near Chicago as possible. We were already considerably north of the parallel of the city, and the best we could expect to do would be to make a landing near Highland Park station, or somewhere between there and Evanston. Looking at the watch, I was a good deal startled to find that we must be but a few miles west of the lake. I gave an exclamation, and begged Stemmer, for Heaven's sake, to lower us away as rapidly as possible.

He did not go about this as expeditiously as I thought he ought. At length, however, the valve was got open. It was only a six-inch valve, and did not empty the Balloon very rapidly. We dropped, however, into the cloudy stratum—through it—and found that we were still over *terra firma*. But there, in front of us, shone the dreaded lake; and to our horror—at least to my horror—a smart breeze was blowing *from the west*!

We were already within two thousand feet of the ground, and about the same distance from the shore, which was a high bank with deep water beyond. Knowing that I could swim but a few yards at best, I felt that my life depended on alighting before we should pass the fatal brink.

"Is the valve open wide?" I demanded impatiently, for we were lowering but slowly—it seemed a mere snail's pace under such anxiety.

"Ye—yes" faltered my companion.

A sudden and terrible suspicion flashed across my mind, which the man's peculiar action and crazy-looking eye tended to confirm. Pushing him aside, I seized the cord and jerked it, throwing the valve wide open. We began to fall more rapidly—but it was too late. We were already over the water, and still pro-

bably eight or nine hundred feet from its surface.

Our only salvation now, lay in keeping afloat in the air and crossing the lake. But Stemmer, whose superior experience should have availed us in such a terrible crisis, seemed stupified, and utterly failed to act.

What was to be done? The question and its answer forced themselves like a flash and its answering thunder-clap upon my mind. Letting go the cord, the valve closed, and I seized the only remaining bag of ballast, and threw it overboard, also both my own coats.

But, the getting rid of between fifty and sixty pounds of burden did not suffice. We continued to descend — though more slowly, still not the less surely. And every second that elapsed took us farther from the shore, where lay our only hope.

I glanced, instinctively, in that direction, and saw that we were now half-a-mile or more from shore, where appeared to be a considerable village.

We were now within, perhaps, fifty feet of the cold dark element which was waiting to engulf us. You can imagine, as well as I can describe, the feelings which rushed upon me in that moment. Startled by a sudden cry, I looked around to find Stemmer shooting downward from the basket's edge!

He was gone and I was left. The Balloon, relieved of his weight, of course shot rapidly upwards — shot up until it reached the strongest eastward-going current; for I saw that my best course was to take that current, and make the Michigan shore the soonest possible. As I sailed, I reflected upon Stemmer's exploit, and satisfied myself, not only that I had been nowise derelict in duty in not following him into the water, but that his leaping was the means of saving two valuable articles, viz., the balloon and myself, for I would land in safety somewhere near St. Joseph,

and quietly fetch back his apparatus by a steamboat; whereas, if I had leaped out, both it and I would have been destroyed.

Land I did, after an uneventful voyage of another hour, having dropped as soon as I perceived I was well over *terra firma* again. The westward-blowing land-breeze which I then struck, drove me back somewhat, but very gently, and I was soon able to throw the anchor (a small affair which I should have thrown out with the other matters, but for being unable to detach the rope quickly enough) so that it caught the small trunk of a peach tree, in an orchard.

It was now the dusk of evening, but I had been seen by two stout boys, near a neighboring cottage, and on their coming out to me, I was astonished to find that they belonged to Mr. Amos Eastman, an uncle of mine, in whose "patch" I had alighted.

The landlord of the premises came out himself, while we were discharging the Balloon and folding it up, and placing the unpleasantly fragrant affair in the basket.

"You could n't do that again," said he, after his ejaculations of surprise were over, and his hurried questions answered.

"I do n't think I shall try," was the response.

It was hardly practicable to get on board the steamboat that night and return to Chicago, so I sent my wife this telegram:

MRS. BOWLES, Chicago:

You needn't try to collect on that Accident ticket at present. P. B.

The next day, I took the train around the head of the lake, and was soon at home, the hero of a Balloon ascension. I found Stemmer safe, having been rescued by a boat, manned by some who had seen from shore his plunge from the basket. He coolly claimed that this adventure was a part of his plan to help adver-

tise his business of aeronautic showman; and I have no reason, in this particular case, to doubt his explanation.

I may here add, that I do not consider that there is anything to be expected from aerial navigation as an aid to practical and useful transportation. Air propellers and flying-machines are impossible without the discovery of a new motive power, and Balloons cannot be utilized for anything but random pleasure excursions, shows, and military observations. All the aid to science which can be afforded by them has already

been rendered, through the heroic efforts and observations of such men as Gay Lussac, Glaisher, and others. I will also add, before closing this account, that it is based strictly on *facts*, up to the point where I entered the Balloon-basket, and upon probabilities after that point, the man whom I have called Stemmer, having failed the second time to be able to take up a passenger and redeem his obligation to me. In consequence of which repeated failures, I have resolved to make my future Balloon ascensions afoot and alone, as the girl went to get married.

PHIL. BOWLES.

DISENCHANTED.

AT sixteen I worshipped her wholly,
And sued, on my knees, at her feet;
At double that age I am slowly
Beginning to act more discreet.

At fourteen her lips were first making
Their dangerous trystings with beaux,—
Her hazel-brown eyes were then taking
The pictures that ruin repose.

At thirty I find her less winning, —
Less given to love-making ways;
I'd swear — if it were not for sinning —
She'd fallen on beautiful days.

And now I am quite disenchanted, —
My eyes are quite free from their glamour;
The face that my memory haunted
No longer can prompt to an amour.

Ah, well, — 'tis the earliest flowers
That charm us the most with their bloom,
And, wet by the laughing spring showers,
They yield us the rarest perfume.

Ah, well, — and the boughs must be laden
With fruit ready ripe for the knife;
Who cares for the smiles of a maiden
Grown old as another man's wife?

R. S. SHEPPARD.

JACK DESSART.

I.

"SO Jack Dessart went away," and the young lady who had been telling a very long story about this Jack Dessart finished it up thus with a defiantly indifferent tone in her voice, and an excited sparkle in her sweet brown eyes, which hardly harmonized.

The "Springs" was the unpretending name of a quiet watering-place, hid away among the slaty hills of Kentucky. It enjoyed an enviable local reputation, being a great place of resort for the best families in the neighborhood; consequently in the summer season the hotel was always crowded with representatives of all ages except the dubious one of infancy. I had persuaded my mother to go there. She was very weak; they told me she was dying of consumption, but I refused to believe it, and with the hope of those young days looked for the recovery I was never to see.

I do n't think I shall ever forget the least little thing of the many things which helped to make this quiet corner so lovely and enchanting. There was the fine magnesian vein with the old-fashioned curb, and the queer low trellis-work running around the sides of the spring, and the shelf with its array of mugs and tumblers. A hard-beaten path led from the spring to the great lumbering hotel, always capable of holding one more, its venerable sides laden with masses of trumpet vine and clinging ivy. No brick or plank walks were here to spoil the poetry of the place, but an air of hospitality and solid Southern comfort pervaded all things. In accordance with Southern custom, there was a verandah wherever you could possibly get one, and these with the aid

of the vines and balustrades made such cozy pleasant places to sit in, and such lovely corners for flirtation with its sweet fooleries. In sooth, the thing was well understood here, for those corners where the leaves were thickest and the shadows the heaviest in the summer evenings, were the ones appropriated to the young people. Great sprawling beeches and more stately oaks and walnuts were scattered here and there in the rear of the hotel. A little way back the massive trunks stood thick, and overhead the branches and leaves were matted and woven together as if in conspiracy to keep out the sun-light. Many and many a name was carved in the bark of these forest kings; monograms of all varieties of style, with flourishes meant for adornment and proof of jack-knife proficiency. Some names were intertwined; these were generally faint and uncertain as if half ashamed of their own existence — all but one pair.

It is with these two names so deeply cut in the smooth beech bark and so lovingly intertwined, this story has much to do. "Jack Dessart" and "Allie Burchard," carved in a horizontal figure-eight shape; Jack Dessart had been the mathematician of his class at College, and doubtless, while carving the names in this shape, recollected that the same figure sometimes represented infinity. This spoke well for Jack's wit, if his wit and his wishes pointed in the same direction.

Before I had been a *habitant* at the "Springs" a week I became well acquainted with Allie. We took long walks together, and grew very confidential as young girls are apt to be. On one occasion our walk led out over the hills, by a path we had never gone

before, and then it was I first saw the name — "Jack Dessart."

"Jack Dessart? who is he?" I asked, turning inquiringly to her.

"He? Oh, he is a young gentleman from the North, attending College at Harvard or Yale, or some other place,"

"He has been taking liberties with your name, I should judge from appearances," I remarked.

"Yes?" said she, in a provokingly half-questioning half-contemptuous tone I had never noticed before, and then seeing that I was hurt, continued — "O never mind, Lou.; come on to the 'Turn' and I'll tell you all about him." The "Turn" was a pleasant secluded bend of the creek, which ran close under the hill, a perfect little fairy-bower with great mossy stones for seats.

After sitting silent some moments, while savagely tearing in pieces a poor sprig of fern, she suddenly burst out in her impetuous frank way.

"You see Jack Dessart came here last summer, and being very good looking and a very lively companion, we amused each other. What ever possessed him to wander away off in this remote corner of the world I never could imagine. He said he had made up his mind to have a Southern tour after Commencement Day, so he came down the Ohio to Maysville, and from there happened out in this direction. Any way, I had been out rambling much the same as we have, and on my return saw a gentleman of medium size standing, with his bridle-rein thrown over his arm, talking to the proprietor. As I came towards the spring he turned slightly and looked at me out of a splendid pair of great deep blue eyes. I noticed he had clear bright complexion, with dark hair and eyebrows. The next morning I was introduced in due form to Mr. Dessart."

She stopped here, and we sat in silence; she looking at the wreck of the fern leaf, I looking at her expectantly.

"Well, you know me well enough to guess the probable result," she continued. "Being where we were constantly thrown in one another's way, and — the long and the short of it is, we had a most desperate flirtation. Don't think by this that he was an innocent victim to my wiles; he was fully up to any little game like that, and gave as good as was sent."

I could see plainly she was growing excited over her narration; her eyes flashed and she tore the poor fern-leaf with savage nervousness.

"We walked together and rode together daily; and so the summer went away. He forgot about his Southern trip — strange."

"Well," said I, after a long pause on her part.

"Well?" said she, impatiently. "He touched his cap to me one morning and rode away, saying he must go North; with never a word else beyond the customary courtesies, expressing the wish that he might see me again. And so ended one of my many *affaires du cœur*. I left for home shortly afterward, and so Jack Dessart and I parted. Don't imagine by this," half angrily, "that there was any sickly lover's quarrel between us; we had never played the lovers in the slightest sense, and consequently parted as two chance acquaintances should."

She rose and looked down the open channel of the brook for some time with a dreamy far off expression in her eyes, then coming back to her ordinary self, observed it was time to go back to the "Springs." So back we went among the thickly-standing tree trunks, marked with the names of many a one who has since gone to sleep forever, past the letters cut so boldly together, just discernible in the gathering gloom of the forest, out into the light of the opening, where the sunset rays still lingered lovingly as if loth to leave so beautiful a resting place.

All the guests were taking the even-

ing air, with the exception of two or three chubby children playing at hide and seek among the leaves of the ivy, and rolling down the stairs of the hall. Close by the spring stood the landlord, and close by him, with one arm thrown over his horse's neck, stood a young man uncovered, with the dark moist hair thrown back from the forehead in a carelessly careful way. We had to pass close by them, and as I recognized the face, instinctively I turned to see the effect on my companion. A slight cloud of crimson fluttered for an instant about her temples, leaving her a little paler than usual. His face was not a beautiful one, but striking; striking in its intellectuality. But the eyes were the light, the life, the glory of the face. Large blue ones they were, and yet of that peculiar blue so susceptible of change; eyes that could be melting in their softness, and stormily dark in their wrath; eyes piercing and restless at times, and at times full of an infinite grace and love, and yet they were capable of that unspeakable hauteur that is almost insolence. And this was Jack Dessart.

He bowed gracefully, Allie icily.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Burchard."

"Indeed?" in that sarcastic tone, and then when she saw him glance at me—"Miss Maury, Mr. Dessart," He looked over my head and bowed.

"You have started on that Southern tour again?"

He flushed a little at this, and taking down his hand from his horse's mane, held up a lieutenant's cap before us. Allie turned a shade paler; she was a staunch rebel and a strong one. She might have known if he took sides he would take the Northern, and yet in spite of it I saw her lips close and compress just the least in the world. Jack Dessart saw it also. She had given me a glance, as much as to say, "be entirely ignorant of Jack Dessart;" but I thought to my-

self her pride is speaking now, and pride has kept these two apart all these days. I'll have none of it, In my missionary zeal I thought to bring them together.

"You have been to the 'Turn?'"

"Yes, we happened along that way. The old rocks were too much of an undertaking, so we sat down."

"And we also examined that great beech tree just back there," said I, not willing to be a nonentity in the conversation.

"Ah," says the imperturbable Jack, "those names were carved about two years ago, were they not, Miss Burchard?"

"You used to have a good memory; you ought to know, Mr. Dessart. But you must excuse me if I do not remember dates and such little things to-day. I've a slight head-ache and then these times are too troublous and too *sectional* for me to think of times past."

"Oh convenient pain," thought I. "O irrational excuse, Allie Burchard; what ails you to act so?"

The next day, however, Allie was in all the glory of her most charming mood. Her clear brunette face was lighted up with the glamour of pleasant excitement. "*La reine s'amuse*," I thought, as I watched the two conversing as much by signs and looks as words. The queen may amuse herself, but it seemed to me she had a king to do with. Allie's rippling laugh rang out on the sweet summer air as happy and joyous as a bird's, "Why should it not," thought I, "this Jack Dessart exercises a strange fascination over one, with those magnificent eyes of his, and then he seems so strong, so forceful, so manly." I stopped suddenly in my burst of admiration and looked around me in a scared way to see if any one was in ear-shot, for I really could not tell whether my soliloquy had been mental or out-spoken. It put me into quite a tremble of maidenly modesty. I concluded very suddenly I had best

be careful how I thought and talked of Jack Dessart.

Just as I rose to go farther away from the bank on which they sat, Allie called to me in a laughing, mocking way, which made my nerves grate a little; it did not seem natural or friendly. However, I went. There they sat side by side. In Allie's open hand lay four apple seeds forming an exact square—and a pretty hand was Allie's, too, set off by a *solitaire* and a plain gold band. The black seeds glistened in that fairy little palm like points of jet on the petals of a water-lily. True,—this seems a rather far-fetched simile, but I had this thought at my first glance.

Said Jack Dessart: "I have been trying an old-fashioned way of telling fortunes I used to practice when a boy; these apple-seeds have declared again and again that you and I shall come together some day."

"Your apple-seeds are very silly soothsayers, Mr. Dessart." I was nettled by the cool carelessness with which he addressed me.

"You think so, Miss Lou?" Jack Dessart had fallen into a pleasant way they used to have in Kentucky, of calling young ladies by their given names, though always, of course, with the prim "Miss" prefixed.

"Why do you not call from the deep well of your memory the various other classical games of your youth, Mr. Dessart?"

"I am very willing, I assure you," and he smiled a hearty, roguish smile that disarmed me utterly. All this time Allie sat silently looking down at the stream as it scrambled over the smooth pebbles and slipped under a mass of driftwood. She was thinking, and I knew well enough the proposition she was demonstrating to herself so earnestly and mercilessly.

The next morning Jack Dessart went away; his furlough was up and he needs must go. I waited an hour after breakfast for Allie to come and tell her story. I knew she would come.

I said to her, "Well?"

She looked pale and there was a strained weariness in her face; but the look changed, and, catching me in her arms, she kissed me quickly again and again—"O, Lou, I'm so, so happy, and yet so miserable!"

"He told me of his love just after you left. Somehow I've felt all along he loved me, in spite of circumstances, and yesterday was such a pleasant day. I wanted to be icily cold to him, for he is going to fight against my brother. I hate him for it!"—passionately. "He told me of his love, and I repulsed him." The beautiful face all aglow with the marvellous grace of love, sank lower and lower, until it took refuge on my shoulder.

"Well," I said, "Is that all?"

A closer strain of the encircling arms was all the reply I received at first, and then—"I repulsed him; but O, Lou! he was so bold! He gathered me close to him and kissed me. I wanted to break away and yet it was so sweet, so deliciously sweet to feel his strong arms around me."

My heart was all in sympathy with hers. What woman's heart would not be? And then I could not appreciate the strength of her political ties and sectional education. I could not see why she should not love him and love him freely; so I just caressed the lovely head and thought to myself what a trembling, holy tenderness this love had imparted to the proud, stately, well-poised woman of yesterday.

"I have been in a passion of tears and happiness all night, and this morning I rose to bid him good-bye. But O, Lou! I could not bid him God-speed, for he is gone to fight against my brother and my country!"

II.

The summer of 1863 was the darkest of our dark war summers, although we had defeated Lee at Gettysburg, and had taken Vicksburg. In the west the campaign was pushed on,

that was to culminate in the battle of Chicamauga. Bragg had flown from Chattanooga; and Rosecrans must needs cut off his retreat. From the third to the eighth of September, his mighty army, the heart's blood of a nation was flung out in long lines of pursuit. But behold! on the eighth Rosecrans heard that Bragg, reinforced, had turned and struck for Chattanooga. If the latter could reach the place before the former could re-concentrate his scattered divisions, he could annihilate him in detail. Crittenden's corps would receive the shock first, Thomas must come, and McCook must come ere Rosecrans could be ready for the work before him. Hour after hour the former's corps poured through Stevens' Gap, which a lucky blunder had left open to him, until at last Thomas formed at Crittenden's right. But all this time McCook was over Lookout Mountain, miles away. With an almost miraculous intuition, he, instead of taking the ordinary route, by which he would have lost his army, crossed the mountain into Lookout Valley and then recrossed at the Gap, and so at last we had a left, centre, and right to our line. During the night of the eighteenth, Thomas, per order, fell back from the centre, and took position on the left, while McCook moved up to fill his place on the right. In this position, while the army was still in motion came the drawn battle of the nineteenth. The strong old left under the immortal Thomas drove the enemy, but the centre was so driven in as to counteract all his efforts. Over the wires the lightning carried the results of the day's fighting, and the great heart of the Northwest, bound up in its army, gave a mighty shuddering sigh and was still in an agony of expectation.

Dessart, on the morning of the twentieth was with the reserve under Granger, near Rossville. A division staff officer, he had been sent thither

previously, with instructions to report to the General commanding, so throughout that long morning he stood in trembling anxiety, while the roar of battle rose higher and higher on the Sabbath air, while again and again the dirty grey masses of living valor rolled back and forth along Thomas' line, now sweeping forward, now pushed back, just as you have seen the great waves of the sea trembling terribly against the firm shore. The staunch old hero stood nobly in the breach, but he was overworked, and so regiment by regiment, division by division, his corps melted away before the desperate rebel onset, only to take up a new position close under Missionary Ridge. He had been hard pressed, Rosecrans must send him succor; the fatal order is given that lost the battle for us, and Wood's brigade falls back from the centre to support the left, thus leaving a great interval in the line, which was to have been filled up, but never was filled by Union troops. The rebels seeing the opportunity poured into the gap, and our army was broken in two. Just as the waters of the German sea surging against its artificial banks, when once they have made an entrance, pour in and through in ever increasing volume, tearing at the ragged edges of the broken barrier with fiendish energy, carrying universal desolation; so regiment after regiment drifted away to the rear until our centre and right were gone.

Jack Dessart could hear the roar of retreat rise even higher than the noise of battle. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry, all jammed into one conglomerate mass, streamed down towards the narrow pass on the way to Rossville. There the scene was horror outdone. All order, all sense, all manliness destroyed for the moment, the frightened, demoralized mass of humanity poured through while the rebel bullets and shells sprinkled, and spattered, and burst in their midst. Was it not an awful

day for the North? I had cousins whom I loved, an uncle whom I revered, in that fleeing, struggling flood, who saw and felt and heard all its terrors and came through safe. Other friends I had who were never heard of more, and yet I was only one among thousands.

Our centre was gone, our right was gone, our commander was gone, and yet the noble left with its stout-hearted chief stood up alone in the field, terrible even in its solitude, unshrinking and undisgraced even in this hour of shame. It was our rock of defence, our wall of salvation, under God, on that sorrowful field. Down upon it like an avalanche came the rebel host, three score and more thousand strong, but a high and grand determination was there in every soul, from Thomas down to the humblest private. The nation's fate was in their hands, and manfully did they accept and maintain the trust. The storm of battle raged and howled along their bayonets in vain. The victorious foe charged bravely, recklessly, again and again, but only to have their victory changed to defeat, their joy into mourning. On Thomas' right, at right angles with his line a slight elevation ran with an opening directly in his rear. Looking towards this point he could see heavy columns of the enemy advancing. He had not a man or a gun to oppose them, his worn-out men were still fighting for life or death in front, vastly outnumbered. If these yelling fiends came upon his rear, there would be nothing left but quick butchery and complete surrender.

But opposite to them, across the fields, came dark masses of men with swift, swinging tread. It was the reserve. Jack Dessart was with it. Granger had waited on and on, but no message came to order him to the field. On his own responsibility he started, and arrived just when the fate of the heroic left was trembling in the balance. Across the plain they swept,

with Steadman at the head and the dear old flag floating beside him. Raw troops they were for the most part, but enthusiasm stood them in the place of experience. Face to face, hand to hand, they met Hindman's old warriors debouching from the gorge. Straight on they pressed; the desolating sleet of death whirled along their front to no purpose; right through Hindman's lines, stamping them to pieces, capturing the guns, driving the discomfited enemy until they reached the ridge; then they halted. Jack Dessart's horse was killed under him, his left arm was broken by the fall, but he had his right hand still, so on he pressed. Steadman comes to the ground, bruised and bleeding. A young rebel officer springs towards him, but Jack Dessart is there between them; they fire together and fall—not a yard apart. It was a noble, wonderful charge. Of the three thousand that made it, one thousand were left behind; but what are a thousand lives to an army's salvation? Longstreet and Hindman raged against the shattered remnant in vain. The torn banner still fluttered on the bloody knoll.

And so at length the desecrated Sabbath regained its wonted quiet, the day faded out in the west, and the holy twilight settled down calmly and lovingly, spreading its sorrowful, pitying pall over the dead and dying, as if to blot out the ugliness of man's anger.

III.

Jack Dessart looked very pale and interesting in his state of convalescence; no doubt a bandaged arm, a perforated shoulder, and a pitiful physical weakness generally, were decidedly unpleasant things. But Jack had that which is, and ever has been, the best tonic to one who is wearily retracing his way from the hills that border the valley of the shadow. He had the love of the woman he loved, and that too, close

at hand—not merely the mocking memory. For the face we dream of most is always the most difficult to fix before us; it has its flittings and comings, as sweetly vexatious as the murmuring waters for which the thirsty Tantalus was doomed to long forever.

Jack Dessart had come North as soon as his wounds would allow him; of course, he started for the "Springs" immediately. Allie was still there, and so was I; she had no place that she liked better; her parents were dead and she did not agree with her brother-in-law.

And so, after all, it seemed that the old proverb was to be contradicted. The gods had smiled at last upon these two. As for Allie, her life seemed to partake equally of joy and weeping, anxiety and content, peace and suffering. She and I had been together all the time of Jack's absence, in more senses than one. I was not demonstrative or fussy in my Unionism, so, although we took different idea on the great issue that divided the land, it never seemed to affect our relations. In fact, we were both fond of company, and when we were lonesome each was the other's only refuge. We could not afford to quarrel, even if we wished; and then we were both so awed by the stillness that came before the storm.

The more precious the objects exposed, the more anxious our anxiety, the more wearing our fear. It would have been amusing to me at times, had it not been almost tragic, to see my companion's conflicting emotions. She loved Jack with all the fervor of a fervid nature, but then there was her only brother, who had been, from her babyhood, her counsellor and her protector. Being one of those high, generous souls, who delight in giving themselves as an entire sacrifice to their love, she knew not what to do. She could not give up her brother; it seemed harder still to give up her lover. Between the two she worried

constantly; but Allie never appeared as womanly in my eyes as in those days of trial.

So things drifted on until September came, bringing Chicamauga and a letter from Jack, which said simply that he was wounded, but would meet her soon. No news from her brother; sickening, wearing terror preyed upon her. The lover who was alive had well-nigh been forgotten in the brother whom she feared was dead. This lasted until Jack's appearance, when the absent brother was forgotten in the present lover. His wan, thin face made her heart ache, while his glance made the blood leap into her temples crimson as the dying day. With what an unspeakable tenderness did she hover over him, her eyes laden with wondrous sympathy, her very manner betraying the love she cared not to conceal. Every touch of her fingers gave life and strength and happiness unto this poor, tired Jack Dessart. No wonder he improved daily, and daily grew more depended on than depending,—more the protector than the protected—as was his right and duty.

But I must hasten to the end, which came soon. One day we had been out walking—that is, Allie and Jack, myself and a Mr. Lamont. He was an old friend of Allie's, one of whom she had spoken in her own rare way. She said he had been a follower of hers from time immemorial; years ago, when she was yet a child, he had talked to her seriously on a very serious subject. It struck her as supremely ridiculous, so she laughed right in his face. Of course, it cut him to the heart, and of course she repented in her leisure what she done in her haste, as many of us are constantly doing. Her kindness to him since then had been invariable. He never recurred to the subject in any way, and she thought he had forgotten it; but I knew better. An honest, earnest fellow he was, not much of a talker nor very brilliant, but quiet and unassum-

ing—just the man you would choose if you commanded a forlorn hope.

Of course they went one way, we another. Even my friendship for Allie could scarcely stand the task imposed upon it daily. I was only human when, at times, I burned in fierce anger at them both. Mr. Lamont evidently had no inclination to watch them. So we wandered apart, talking but little, thinking much. We respected each other, and thus were not wearied.

As was our custom, we returned by the old route; Allie was sitting on a great massive block of limestone, with Jack leaning on his elbow at her feet. We were greeted with a merry invitation to partake of their hospitality, and we sat down with them to listen to the talk and watch the swift waters as they whirled along. The "Turn" was the same old place, unchanged with the exception of a narrow log which had been thrown across the stream by the late freshet. Jack had been telling of his camp-life, and very naturally, Mr. Lamont questioned him about the last great battle. Allie started and turned pale at the word "*Chicamauga*," but, being too well-bred to interrupt, the conversation went on.

"You see," continued Jack, "the day was irrevocably lost on the right and centre before we became engaged. Away off in our rear the roar of retreat rose up, almost drowning the noise of the fighting on the left, where Thomas was. Granger fretted and fumed in his impatience, like all the rest of us. He strained his eyes in the direction of head-quarters, which were already swept away by the flood, Rosecrans and all. So all our looking was vain, no aide-de-camp came. The papers have told you how we came on the field just in the nick of time, how we charged across the opening upon Hindman's men, how we walked right over them in spite of their bravery. The papers will tell you all this, but they can't tell you how

the obscure Lieutenant Dessart met his wound.

"I can't describe how I felt, except by saying the feeling was simply magnificent. Of course, like most others, I was scared at first, but that soon passed away in the exultation of battle. I kept close by Steadman until my horse was killed and myself ignominiously tumbled to the earth. My left arm hung useless, but I kept on and managed to get in front of Steadman as he fell, just in time to shoot a young fellow and get knocked over myself. I suppose I fainted away, since the next thing I knew was that the firing had ceased, and the young officer with whom I had exchanged shots was moaning in his pain beside me. I was dizzy from loss of blood, but by an effort crawled to him, and placing his head in my lap, gave him a drink from my canteen. He looked up at me bravely and said, 'You are the man I shot.' I only bathed his head for answer. Then, as well as I could, I stopped the flow of blood from the wound in his chest. He smiled gratefully and said, 'No use; you've done for me.' 'After a while he added—' Take my watch and this ring.' He knew that I understood him, as he said never a word else; and I, worn out by my exertions, laid back and waited 'till we were carried together to the surgeon. My wounds were bandaged, the surgeon looked at his a moment and sent him away without a word. We were laid side by side. A kind providence sent sleep to my tired body. When I awoke there was a still, white face next to me, staring up at the still, clear sky. They put him under the ground, and so one of us was taken, the other left. I have never identified him; his watch is in my valise, the ring is in my purse."

There was perfect silence amongst us as Jack Dessart took out the ring, wrapped up as it was in soiled paper. Then Allie rose up and stood before him. "Give me the ring," she said,

in a voice almost choked with an intense expectancy. She turned it over and looked at the inside, while her face glowed with anger, and her eyes gleamed like swords. Her voice was as pitiless when she spoke — "See, my mother's initials, A. C. — Allie Cameron. Jack Dessart, you have slain my brother! God may forgive you, I never will." Poor Allie! She never dreamed she had uttered the very words in which Queen Bess raved out her wrath at the dying Countess of Nottingham.

There are times when one wishes to be all alone. Allie's whirlwind of grief, sorrow, and passion, was too strong for her with other eyes gazing at it. She broke away from us, and running down to the water's edge, stepped upon the narrow log. Jack Dessart seemed stupified by her words. There he stood with staring eyes. She reached the centre of the stream and stopped, her face covered with her hands, as if dizzy. Then he leaped forward also; Allie turned half-around, as if to wave him back, but it was too late. The log broke from its fastenings as he reached her, and the swift waters closed over them with an angry splash.

The whole thing had come and gone so suddenly, that we who were left were paralyzed for the moment. But there was a brave heart under the water with Allie. How he ever managed to reach the shore, weak as he was, is a mystery to me. He was determined and was victorious. Mr. Lamont stooped down, lifted Allie from his wounded shoulder, and laid her gently on the grass. Then Jack Dessart, closing his eyes with a satisfied and happy smile, slid back into the darkness from which he had just come, as silent as a passing ghost. But this was not to be. Mr. Lamont did for him what he had done for Allie. The one had done his devoirs, the other had done his duty. Jack had been brave, Mr. Lamont had been supremely noble.

Allie took to her bed with a raging brain fever. Day after day the disease burned on until it had made a sad wreck of her, and of Jack through her. Day after day he toiled up the stairs, to stand mutely by the door until some one came out to tell him how she fought the enemy. Such a weary wretchedness he wore in his face in those dark times! Such a hopeless stunned expression! But, even the poor peace of death came not to these tired souls. Allie slowly got the better of her sickness, and one day she asked for him. I knew she had been thinking over the matter until she was almost done to death with it. It was far better to end it all at once. So I brought him in.

Allie detained me when I would have gone — "No, Lou," she said, "stay with me." I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Her pride and anger were gone, burned out with the fever. She spoke in a low, faint tone — so sorrowful, so mournful it was, it seemed only the echo of her olden speech. She told him how impossible it was that they should ever be other than mere friends after what had passed. "Cross-providences, God's will," he moaned. Such a woeful meeting that was. It all seemed a dream, wicked and false, and yet so inexpressedly sad, "The funeral-service of hope, a love buried alive," I thought to myself over and over again. There was but little else. He spoke a few words rich in faith and manliness. Then he bent over her for the last time. She wound her arms about his neck, drawing his face down close to her own, sobbing in utter despair. I closed the door between me and them. A few moments after, he came out and passed down the stairs with a face like death. And so Jack Dessart went away once again and forever.

For some years past, I have been teaching the freedmen in the South. Allie married Mr. Lamont. I believe

in my heart she did it because he saved Jack Dessart's life. The other day, I had a long letter from Mr. Lamont, telling of her death. She had died like the leaves in autumn, very quietly, very gladly, very peacefully. Jack Dessart is across the seas.

And so, at last, one of the three is at rest. As for myself, there is but little to live for except duty. It may be that he will come again after a time. For I love Jack Dessart. It may be that the days yet to be, will glow with a light divine, such light as never glowed for me in the past. Meantime, the shadows of memory

grow more beautiful as the realities of present life become more and more burdensome.

"Old remembrances grow dearer
When touched by the hand of grief,
And the saddened soul while grieving,
In its sadness finds relief.

"So it seems to me when I'm dreaming
In the stillly air alone,
Under the spell of the even time,
When the glare of day hath flown ;

"When I mind of the days that have wasted,
And of those who have gone before,
Away to the dim mysterious land,
On the far mysterious shore."

BURDETT NASH.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

IN ethics, that is a crime which is a violation of the Divine law of moral duty and righteousness. In criminal jurisprudence that is a crime which violates human laws that have been established in civilized States, for the protection of the persons and the property of individuals, or for the public safety. To treat of crime in its ethical sense would necessitate a moral disquisition, or a sermon on human sinfulness, neither of which, however proper under appropriate circumstances, is it our purpose to undertake on this occasion. That category of human acts which are condemned as criminal by the laws of the land, and that class of persons who, guilty of the commission of these unlawful acts, are adjudged as criminals, make up the subject of our present consideration. And in treating of these, it is not the intention to horrify the sensibilities by the recital of blood-stirring enormities, nor to exhibit a rogue's gallery of brutish faces on human shoulders. The object will be, rather, to consider crime with reference to its causes and remedies, and criminals

with reference to their punishment and reform.

This human nature of ours is one of the chief mysteries of the world. We may understand the origin of the race of man—be able to follow up the history of its progress through the ages, with all its wonderful conceptions, and still more wonderful achievements—and even analyze its physical composition, its intellectual apparatus, and its spiritual capacities; yet there is a mystery and a marvellousness in the secret workings of the human heart, in the power of its passions and in the diversity and conflicts of its motives of action, which no science has ever yet resolved, no ethics reached, and no philosophy fathomed. They are inscrutable and inexplicable. You do that which you know is wrong—your conscience admonishes, your reason declares, your sense of duty and right protests—and yet, in spite of all these, you commit the wrong, and risk the consequences. What is the power within you, at such a time, that impels you, as it did our very first

parents, to eat of the forbidden fruit, or to do the forbidden act? After it is all over, when to the upbraidings of conscience are added the prickings of remorse and the sufferings imposed by the inevitable penalty that follows, sooner or later, on the heels of moral offending, you ask yourself, penitently and reproachfully: *Why* did I this thing? And you enter upon a process of self-examination, analyzing your inward nature, and subjecting yourself to the severest scrutiny of reason, to ascertain why and how you were induced to violate, not only a known principle of morals, physics, or law, but the dictates of your own better sense and judgment, but you succeed only in discovering your innate weakness, and that there is that within you which is stronger than your power of volition or self-control—and you open your eyes and go forth, sadly conscious of the fact that of the greatest of all mysteries the *chief of marvellous things is yourself*, or that *part of yourself* which causes you, in defiance of your knowledge and love of what is right or just, to do that which is wrong or unjust. Shakspeare gave utterance to a startling thought, indicating his deep insight into human-nature, when he said: "Use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping?" We may, in all Christian charity, believe that many of our fellow-men are scarcely to blame for half the follies they commit, the wisest of them are so limited in wisdom, the strongest of them are so weak and frail in nature, and the best intentioned of them are so often the victims of circumstances, or so completely at the mercy of their own irrepressible propensities or of other uncontrollable influences.

I am not the apologist of criminals nor the extenuator of crime; and yet in the same spirit in which Christ forgave the erring Magdalene and the thief upon the cross, I would be charitable toward the sinning and merci-

ful toward the penitent. The worst as well as the best of human creatures belong to one common brotherhood, and before casting any of them off into the outer-darkness, beyond the reach of sympathy, mercy or forgiveness, I would inquire into their antecedents and the circumstances of their guilt, to ascertain, if possible, under what influences they had been surrounded in childhood and youth, what has been their condition in life, and by what temptation or impulse they were seduced or induced into transgression. While, as the result of these inquiries, the mind of the philosophic reasoner would become satisfied that in many cases of crime there is at least some palliation or some explanation of cause and effect, yet, impressed with the stern fact that the guilty must be checked and punished for their own good, as well as for the protection of society against criminal depredations, he would at the same time feel that man cannot be more just than God, under whose government, even where penitence and forgiveness ultimately follow guilt, the offender against the unchangeable and unchanging laws of nature and morality never escapes with utter impunity.

Mankind may be divided into three classes: 1st, those who are innately or positively honest, and inflexibly conscientious, and who would shrink from doing an intentional wrong under any provocation or temptation; 2d, those who, from ignorance or an unsteady moral balance, are just as likely to do wrong as right; and, 3d, those who, apparently devoid of all conscience and all regard for justice, honor, or moral principle, may be properly designated as the *criminal class of society*. The first of these three classes may be said to be God's elect, for they cannot be swayed, by threat or inducement, from the straight and narrow way of moral rectitude. The second, by far the largest class of the three, may be called

the plastic portion of mankind, — being readily influenced by circumstances, swayed by superior minds, seduced by the arts, blandishments and delusive promises of the siren of worldly pleasure, ensnared by cunning, victimized by deceit, maddened by passion, misled by mistaken ambition, or controlled by an overwhelming selfishness. The third, the really criminal class, are the most unfortunate of all, when viewed from the broader standpoint of a philosophic charity, for they are, for the most part, the victims of a depraved birth, the creatures of a depraved education, and have been under the influence and guidance of depraved spirits, from infancy to maturity, and the wonder is not, therefore, that they *are* criminals, but it would be wonderful if they were *not*.

The majority of mankind — or that class of our race which we have referred to as the plastic portion — being as readily impressed and controlled by evil as by good influences, would, as a rule, if surrounded by the elements of moral purity, be virtuous and honorable; and if the third class we have referred to — the professionally criminal class — could be permanently transferred from their evil companionship and ways, and placed exclusively under refining and elevating influences, educating and developing their better nature as sedulously and perseveringly as the baser element of their nature had previously been educated and developed, their redemption would, in most cases, be the sure result. A continual dropping of the waters of moral power upon the hard heart, will in time, wear away its stones of viciousness, and soften it to virtuous impressions.

The *philosophy* of crime and its treatment is still in its incipency. It is one of the most difficult of *all* the *philosophies*, being based upon a correct understanding of the *nature* of *man*, which is almost as incomprehensible as infinity itself. We may

accept it as a principle, however, that those influences which tend to corrupt men's morals, to weaken their sentiments of honor, to unsettle their faith in the retributive quality of divine justice, or in the punitive inevitability of human laws, to develop or inflame the evil passions of their nature, to render them unduly avaricious or selfish, or to confirm the wicked in their wickedness, are the *primary causes* of crime, and that whatever has the contrary influence or effect conduces to the counteraction of vicious tendencies, and therefore, the prevention of crime. We may lay this down as a general principle; and that system of a perfected civilization which, when the Millennium shall have arrived, will have succeeded in the complete eradication of crime, and in establishing universal righteousness, will have accomplished that grand result by the thorough understanding of this principle, and its successful application in human education and government. But the Millennium is not yet, for at no time, probably, in the history of this country, have the inciting and superinducing causes of crime been so potently operative, and crime been so bold and common, as at the present time. We are making marvellous progress in the arts, in the sciences, and in popular intelligence; but are we progressing or retrograding in *practical* morality and religion as a people? We do not willingly confess that, in the midst of the proverbial advancement of our age, intellectually, scientifically, and in the understanding of principles, we are, as a race, in any part of the world, degenerating in honor, refinement, and the Christian graces. Yet, what do the daily and hourly evidences of popular demoralization and human recklessness, which shock and disgust us on every side, and all over the land, indicate, if not this? Is it not true that our politics are now, as never so completely before, under the control of plunderers and

reckless tricksters?—that our law-makers and our law-administrators are often the mere instruments of moneyed "rings," or corrupt and corrupting intrigues,—that our public amusements and the public press are continually becoming more vitiated with vulgarity and immorality,—that the fashions, even, are under the leadership of the votaries of vice and shame—that *money* is the God which we worship with all our hearts, and souls, and minds,—that social life is becoming a mere exhibition of vulgar taste, and a rivalry in ruinous extravagance between individuals, and families—that the sacred ties of domestic unity are sundered with a degree of facility that threatens to destroy one of the holiest of all human institutions—that intemperance, the spirit of gaming, and rowdyism, are gaining the mastery over the youth of our towns and cities, and dragging them to infamy by scores—that reckless and unprincipled speculation is superseding legitimate trade and honest industry—and that all the vices that demoralize and damage, and all the crimes that disgrace, and ruin mankind, are so pervading, have come to be such a matter of course, that they have ceased to shock, or startle us? Is this picture of our moral situation overdrawn? I wish I could think so. I wish I could feel and believe that while some of us are laboring to convert and civilize the heathen of other lands, we are not ourselves in danger of relapsing into a state of heathenism, worse than theirs. But saddening as the moral look-out appears to our finite and limited vision, our faith in the wisdom and infallibility of God's moral government supports us with the hope and belief that there will eventually be a reaction against this alarming prevalence of vice and crime, and that the Millennium is perhaps, after all, not so far remote as it would seem to be.

The *cause of crime* may be traced

to one of two general classes of inciting motives—either the desire to possess or enjoy that which is another's without the ability or disposition to obtain it honestly, or the impulse for the gratification of malicious, sensuous or violent passions which temporarily transform men into demons. By the first of these classes of motives, are the embezzler, the thief, the robber, the burglar, the counterfeiter, the forger, and the swindler influenced to the commission of crime; and by the other, are nearly all murderers and those who are guilty of brutal offences impelled to their atrocious deeds. How to check these motives and impulses to criminal courses, is the problem which the moral philosopher, the philanthropist, the reformer, and the statesman will, it is hoped, in the progress of time and human amelioration, succeed in solving. A more refining and morally exalting system of education may do much—a more comprehensive social, industrial, and political economy, by which idleness would be voted a disgrace, ignorance unpardonable, poverty inexcusable, and intemperance impossible, would do still more—and the knowledge that punishment would certainly and unavoidably follow transgression, deterring where other influences would prove unavailing, would serve as a potent restraint. That system of education which would include the culture, discipline, and refinement of the affections, the passions and the emotions of the heart, as well as the development of the capacities of the mind—that system of social and political economy, which would have regard for the *occupation* and the *ennobling* of the *individual* as well as the maintenance of the state and the welfare of the community as a mass—and that system of laws and judicial administration which would embody within itself the guarantee of imperative obedience to its requirements, and of the inevitable enforcement of its penalties upon any and all who

may become guilty of crime, would, in harmonious combination, being organized upon the foundation of divine justice and human philosophy, and having for their frame-work the materials evolved by the profoundest analyzation, by moral and intellectual scholasticism, of the springs, principles, and innate tendencies of human nature, undoubtedly effect the purification and elevation of mankind to a degree never yet attained; and thus, by reconstructing society upon a nobler and more perfect basis of reciprocal faith and universal respect for that which should be inviolable in honor and justice, eradicate from the human heart the desires, and remove the temptations, which now lead men into vicious dispositions and criminal acts. To enter into the details of these advanced systems of education, economy, and law—to elaborate them into simplicity for popular comprehension—is a task which the social philosopher of the future will probably be better prepared for than is he of our time; and the work of the organization and practical application of those systems which would now be regarded as chimerical and Utopian—as the endeavor of a visionary extremist in transcendentalism—will fall to the earnest laborers in the field of human usefulness in future ages.

No crime has ever yet been committed without a *motive*, unless the perpetrator was either an idiot or a lunatic. In order to ascertain the full measure of an offender's guilt, we must, if possible, discover the motive by which he was actuated. The *power* of the motives and passions which lead men into criminality is sometimes amazing—a fact to which we have already adverted when speaking of that mysterious part of ourselves which over-rides, to our hurt, the instincts and impulses of our better nature, and the dictates of our reason and moral convictions. The officer of a prison or penitentiary who

has the confidence of the convicts under his charge, often, in his quiet intercourse with them, becomes possessed of facts and incidents of criminal history which serve to explain the cause of crime as indicated by the motives under which guilty acts are committed. As an example, showing how men are controlled by overmastering motives to the perpetration of crime, I may cite, somewhat in detail, the case of one man—a convict at Joliet—a bright-faced, good-natured, intelligent fellow of middle age, whose countenance did not reflect any great wickedness of heart, who, being asked why he stole the horse he acknowledged to have taken, and for which theft he was serving out a five-year's term, told his whole story very candidly, in about these words: "Why did I take that horse? Well, I'll tell you all about it, just how it happened. It was a mighty foolish thing for me to do. I was running a small farm in Marion county—everybody in my neighborhood had fine horses. I had been trying for several years to save up money enough to buy me a fine, fast nag—one that I could brag on and win money with at the races at the county fair. I just put my whole heart on getting such an animal. In the fall my crops again turned out poorly, and no hopes of being able to buy a horse. One day I happened in the village, and at a hitching post in front of the tavern I spied as fine and sleek a nag as I ever saw—a bay, a perfect beauty, and his owner said he was a fast trotter, and worth all of \$800. I became crazy over that animal. The more I looked at him the crazier I got. I asked the man where he lived and all about it, and he told me—and that was the mistake he made—for in less than a week I one night left home, and after walking all that night and all next day, and late into the next night, away off into the west part of the State, I found myself at his stable door, went in, bridled and saddled that same horse, and next

night he was safely stalled in my own barn. I was a great fool for doing all this, for I had the horse in my barn a whole week without letting even my wife know it. I was afraid to let anybody know of it. I trembled in my boots all the while for fear that it would be found out, and that his owner would come after him and after me too. It kept me uneasy in the day time and kept me awake in the night time. In about a month the time of the county fair arrived, and I went there, but did n't ride that horse. I went to the races on the forenoon of the last day, and it was an exciting time—lots of fine horses, fast trotting, high betting, crowds of people. A horse-race is always too much for me. I lose myself in the excitement, and don't know what I am about. So it was then. At noon I hurried home with my mind made up. I would bring out my bay nag to enter him for the afternoon trot on the fair grounds, and I did *that thing*. My nag won the race, and I won a nice little pile of greenbacks. Everybody asked me where I got that horse. He was the lion of the day, and of course everybody wanted to know all about him and how much I would sell him for. I told them I got the horse in Indiana and that he was n't for sale at any price. The fame of that horse at once spread all over the country, and in about a week after the fair who should one day come nosing around my place but the owner of the horse, in company with a constable? It was all up with me then, and I surrendered the horse and myself, and, to cut a long story short, here I am in this prison, paying for a month's use of that horse." The fellow then gave a deep, troubled look at us, and exclaimed, "Now what a consummate fool a man is for hankering after what don't belong to him, and for stealing a thing that is worse to him after he's got it than a coal of fire in his bosom. Oh! a mighty great fool

I've been, and I did n't suspect it till it was all over!"

The motive which impelled that man to crime is the same that stimulates the ambitious and unscrupulous politician to exalt himself to an office of public honor or emolument, regardless of the means to the end. It is the same motive, as the history of nations will prove, that engenders conspiracies against rulers and dynasties, leading to wars and revolutions; it is the same motive that inspired the villainous Iago to instill the spirit of murder in the heart of the jealous Othello, whom he regarded as standing between himself and promotion; it was the same motive with which the ambitious Lady Macbeth urged her traitorous husband to "screw his courage to the sticking point," resulting in a tragedy most foul, but not in gaining the coveted royal seat after all; it is the same motive that, for the sake of gratifying a pitiful ambition to ape the style, displays, and ways of the rich, induces some poor men and poor women to resort to questionable or dishonorable means to possess themselves of those things which only the wealthy can afford; it is, in short, the same motive that is apt to lead all men of uncertain moral stamina into transgression. We may designate it as the sin of excessive or inordinate ambition or covetousness—the ambition to seem to be that which we are not, or to possess that which we have not the means to secure honorably. That horse thief was not, apparently, a depraved criminal, but there are convicts in every prison not even as bad as he was who can "tales unfold" that would be ready woof for the novelist or the dramatist, out of which to weave stories to make the heart bleed—tales that verify the oft-repeated saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." I could take you to the presence of one man in particular—a young man of education and refined manners—who is

to-day attired in the convict's garb, who, while a clerk in an express office, stole a money package, under the irrepressible promptings of *love*. His wife, to whom he was greatly devoted, had a passion for rich dress, and was miserable when she could not be decked out in all the frippery and bright colors of the latest fashions. In his anxiety to gratify her vanity, he stole the money. *She* was happy, but in less than three months afterwards *he* was in State's prison. As might be expected of one so lacking the elements of true womanhood, no sooner was he in prison than she demonstrated that her love of foolish display was greater than her love for him—for she secured a divorce and married a flashy gamester in less than a year after his arrest. Criminal history would show that this is but one case of many. Woman's vanity has been the ruin of many a good man, even as man's perfidy has been the ruin of many a good woman. How true it is, as Pope wrote, that,

"One master passion in the breast,
Like Adam's serpent, swallows all the rest,"

And that,

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."

Ambition, vanity, avarice, lust, malice, jealousy, and a thirst for revenge, are the passions which fill our prisons with felons. These are the devils with which men and women become fearfully possessed sometimes, and by them are either led or driven to deeds of wrong, outrage and blood. The person who becomes the slave of a master passion, is in danger continually; the peace, property, or life of another may be in peril from him, but in the end he will be his own greatest and most suffering victim.

We have alluded to the *criminal class*,—properly so-called because they are criminals by education and profession. The case of a convict, a mere boy in years, but full of rough

and exciting experiences, may be cited as an example. Being asked why he preferred stealing to earning his living by honest industry, he bluntly confessed that he had been taught to steal, but not to work. "I know nothing at all about work," he coolly said, "but am sharp as a trap with these here feelers of mine." That young man was a professional thief, as his father had been before him, and he would boast of his exploits, of his smart larcenies and his ingenious evasions and escapes from the police, with as much apparent exultation as the hero of a hard-fought battle would narrate his soldierly experiences, or as a learned man of science would announce and explain his last great discovery. He had become hardened in the business—had been educated in the arts and tricks of thievery the same as a blacksmith's apprentice is taught how to weld iron, make nails, or shoe a horse. There are many of this class in all large cities, where there are regularly organized gangs of them, old and young, male and female. They get their living by that—do nothing but steal, unless when, through indolence or ill luck, they fail to get enough by that means to support themselves, and then they resort to begging—and it may not be amiss to mention here the fact that the professional thieves and the professional beggars of a community usually hunt in couples, and sometimes a close partnership exists between them.

One fact in regard to professional criminals is not generally known, but I am fully convinced that it *is* a fact—and that is, that they have a peculiar literature of their own, by which they communicate understandingly to each other—a literature that is mere gibberish to honest men, as much so as Low Dutch is to an educated German. For example, one burglar will, either by word of mouth or by writing, address a professional associate in this wise:

"My pal and I has a gofer to beat in a jug to-night, on the night racket. The job has been put up by a square block, but I want a pal that is right, and am willing to whack up the boodle with him. Will you stand in with this job?"

Now, this is all jargon to honest men. Freely interpreted, it means this: "My comrade and I have a safe to rob in a bank to-night. The whole thing has been arranged by a trustworthy man, but I want a good one to help, and am willing to divide the plunder with him. Will you go with me?" A "gofer" is a safe—a "jug" a bank—a "pal" a comrade—"a square block" a trusty professional, and "whack the boodle" means to divide the plunder. "A pal that is right," means a comrade that will prove true beyond any peradventure.

When a professional pick-pocket tells another of the same class that he is going to take a trip on a railroad train to-morrow to pick the pockets of simple and unsuspecting countrymen and women of their purses, watches and chains, he will say: "I am going on the rattlers to-morrow to nick a lot of flats and molls for leathers, supers and slangs;" and when one professional thief or burglar wants to tell another that the detectives are on the look-out for them, and that if they do not leave town they will be arrested, and that Judge McAllister will send them to the State's prison, he will express himself in these words: "The flycops and cops have tumbled to our racket, and if we don't jump the town, they will collar us and Beak McAllister will do his worst to send us to Grand Quay." In criminal parlance a common jail is a "quay," and a State's prison a "Grand quay." When a thief or a burglar wishes to tell another that he has broken into a store, he will say he "cracked a crib;" when he speaks of money he will call it "sugar;" and when he

wishes to tell his pal that he robbed a house, a store, or a person, he will say he "weat through" it, him, or her.

One depraved woman, who was serving her third term in the Penitentiary, one day shocked the pious chaplain by declaring that she was anxious to get out again, because she wanted to make one more effort to "go through" the store of the man who had her arrested the last time. She is a professional shop-lifter, and once said she could "no more keep her hands off of things when she was in a dry-goods store than she could ride to the moon on a broom-handle." Literature has coined a word expressive of the *disease* with which such as she are chronically afflicted. *Kleptomania* is the word—an uncontrollable mania for taking things. There is abundant evidence that there are persons thus afflicted—persons who are born with the propensity to steal, and who can hardly be regarded as morally responsible when committing the crime. And this unfortunately endowed class is by no means confined to the poor, the lowly, or the outcasts of society. It is alleged, for example, that the wife and mother in one of the most aristocratic families in New York has bills often sent to her palatial mansion for goods which she had never purchased, but which mysteriously disappeared when she visited the dry-goods and millinery stores, and that she never disputes the charges, but blushing confesses the "soft impeachment" by a prompt liquidation of the claims. It is only that woman's accident of wealth and social position that saves her from ignominious arrest and a convict's cell. "Circumstances alter cases," is a saying that has long since passed into a proverb. Mr. Greeley, on the question of whether woman is equal to man, once gave it as his opinion that "it all depends upon *who* the woman is and *who* the man is," and this appears not unfrequently to be the view our modern Justice,

who is not, like she of the ancients, blind-folded, takes in regard to criminals. Being a respecter of persons, she looks sharply to see *who* the man or *who* the woman is, no matter how guilty or deserving of condemnation, before either arresting or passing sentence.

Interesting and exciting volumes could be written, giving the narratives of convicts, their eventful experiences, thrilling incidents of personal adventure, hair-breadth escapes, ingenuity of operations in crime, and accounts of the gradual steps by which, through folly, temptation, or desperation, they became reckless of honor and intimate with guilt, showing that the dramatist wrote truthfully when he said that

"There is a method in men's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees."

Mark Twain, one of the best of our modern humorists, travesties the same idea somewhat strikingly, though playfully, when describing his interview with a soothsayer, who told him his fortune in these words:

"Yours was not, in the *beginning*, a criminal nature, but *circumstances* changed it. At the age of nine you stole sugar; at fifteen you stole money; at twenty you stole horses; at twenty-five you committed arson; at thirty—hardened in crime—you became an editor. Since then your descent has been rapid. You are now a public lecturer. Worse things are in store for you—you will be sent to Congress; next to the penitentiary; and then, finally, happiness will come to you again—all will be well—you will be *hanged*."

Some of the convicts in our prisons have been literally wandering spirits of evil, having travelled all over the world as gamblers, pick-pockets, burglars, forgers, robbers on the high-ways and on the high seas, and adventurers, ready to turn their hands to almost anything promising plunder; driven out of one town, country, continent, or hemisphere into another by the fear of arrest by "shadowing" detectives or pursuing police; and foiled, caught and caged at last, as almost all criminals finally are. The

career of these lawless and outlawed villains, while at large, is one continual series of cunning devices, deceptions, depredations, and, not unfrequently, of bloody deeds. There must be a peculiar fascination about a life of crime to one who has once become fully caught in its toils and compromised in its entanglements—a fascination of excitement and daredevil recklessness, such as a certain class of mischievous writers of fiction spice the imaginary careers of pirates and brigands with—a fascination that is heightened by the very fear of detection and capture with which the guilty are often harassed and bewildered, and by anticipated or actual conflicts with their victims or with the officers of the law—a fascination which becomes a positive enchantment as the criminal progresses in his devious and exciting career with its lucky ventures, successful ingenuity, and escapes from discovery or apprehension; but by and by he goes one step too far, makes one venture too much, or trusts once too often to his sharpness, dexterity, or ability to evade discovery or arrest, and, if not killed on the instant, is "nabbed." Then the excitement and the fascination of his career are suddenly dissipated—then he finds, to his endless sorrow that "the way of the transgressor is hard." All transgressors have that truth of Solomon's proverb exemplified sooner or later in their experience. There is no escape from it. It is one of the unfailing principles of God's moral government. The great majority of the inmates of our prisons will, in the most grave and lugubrious manner imaginable, declare to you their innocence, and throw all the blame of their being there, upon perjured witnesses, or an inability to secure a fair trial. It is always safe to accept their stories with a large grain of allowance. It is not improbable that innocent men are sometimes sent to prison; but if one who is accused of crime be

innocent, he has ample opportunity to make it appear; first, he has a preliminary examination before a justice of the peace—then an examination of his case by the grand jury—and then the final trial before a judge and petit jury, with counsel to represent his cause. If he is an innocent man, he ought to be able, while passing through these inquisitions, to prove it. The fact that he was convicted, and that he is now in prison, may be accepted as conclusive evidence that he is not an innocent man. It is recorded that, under the old order of things in Naples, when that city and district were under the rule of a Viceroy, it was customary, on a certain festival day, for that dignitary to pardon one convict, that one being he who was adjudged the most worthy of the boon. When the Duke d'Osuna was Viceroy he, on that festival day, interrogated the convicts undergoing punishment in the galleys, and they all asserted their innocence but one, who confessed that his punishment was too small for his crimes. The Duke, turning to his officers, said, "Here, take away and release this rascal, lest he corrupt all these honest fellows with him."

There are some convicts in prison who do not play "injured innocents"—who frankly, sometimes even defiantly, declare their guilt, and some even feel and acknowledge that they deserved all they received, and that nobody is to blame but themselves. The latter class are what is known in penitentiaries as "good convicts"—those who are well-behaved, and they are, generally, men who have seen better days—men who, at some time in life, occupied respectable positions in society, and who feel the disgrace of their imprisonment keenly, but, at the same time, try to turn it to their profit by study, learning a trade, and becoming devoted Christian men. Talk with this class of men, if you want to ascertain the causes of crime among the better class of people in

the world. They will, in ten cases out of a dozen, exhibit a spirit of intelligence and manliness that you are not prepared to meet with among prison convicts. From these you can learn lessons of practical wisdom, founded in experience. Here is one whom you will, as likely as not, find reading history, philosophy, poetry, or the Bible, in his cell at night. Ask him what brought him here: he will tell you, very likely, that while under the influence of drink, or passion, he quarrelled with a man and killed him. Another will tell you that he got to gambling, and to pay his losses, stole money from his employer, or got it by forging a check, hoping to be able to return or repay from winnings of the next game; many of them will tell you that they got into bad company and were gradually led to ruin; and some will tell you that it was the evil women whose arts lead to death, who caused his downfall. Verily, "the way of the transgressor is hard"—of which, by an hour's conversation with the more intelligent and tractable inmates of a prison, you would become abundantly convinced, and the lesson would cause you to turn away, wiser for the stories you had heard, and with a stronger resolve that *you* will never be swayed from the principles of morality, sobriety, and righteous conduct. And then turning to the convicts with seared consciences—to *who* those are men only in form—depraved in their looks, feelings, thoughts, and conversation, while you may secretly, down in your heart, thank God that you are not as they are—could the thought fail to occur to you that had the circumstances of your birth and early years been as theirs, you could not thank God even for that? Some of these will answer you either gruffly and with rowdyish slang, or evasively and with mock gravity. The ruffian, or the sly-cunning of innate villany is reflected from their sinister countenances, expressed from

their eyes, indicated by their manners, movements, physiognomies, and cranial conformation, and evidenced by the very tone of the voice. Human depravity cannot be successfully disguised—its cloven foot will show itself—its horns will obtrude. There are some creatures, man-shaped, who, before they can be reformed and redeemed, would have to be literally made all over. Their godless dispositions are apparently inherent and irrepressible. They are hopelessly bad, and nothing short of a miracle can humanize or Christianize them. Reluctant as we are to believe in total depravity, yet the conclusive evidences of it sometimes stare us so unresistingly in the face that we cannot repress the conviction that some natures are wholly and only wicked, with no redeeming qualities in them—hardened against all goodly influences, dead to every generous impulse, proof against all kindly persuasion, manageable only by physical force. Such characters are very rarely met with, it is true, even in prisons, where the worst of all the vicious and wicked classes have their representatives; but when encountered there or anywhere, they seem like the incarnation of the very spirit of evil itself. In your dealings and contact with men out of prison, you have, it is probable, occasionally, once in a great while, met with one who was utterly reckless of honor, or decency, insensible to the emotion of gratitude, immovable by kindness, proof against the power of persuasion, and whose cold, hard nature could not be melted or softened by any humanizing agency or good influence. That is total depravity. The possessor of such a nature is fit only for "treason, stratagem and spoils"—his instincts are cruel and selfish, his heart is of adamant. There is no crime he would not commit, no treachery he would not resort to, if necessary to the accomplishment of his purposes or the gratification of his

desires. It is with such men that the keepers of prisons have sometimes to do, and even as one such is more dangerous and terror-inspiring when at large in the community than are scores and hundreds of the ordinary pests of society, so when in prison, he is more troublesome, mischievous and unmanageable than the hundreds of ordinary convicts. The latter can, as a rule, be kept in subjection and readily controlled by a system of rewards and punishments, by the spirit of kindness, or by ordinary modes of discipline; but *he* is proof against all these. What would you do with him? Although I am not an advocate of capital punishment excepting in cases of extraordinary criminal atrocity, yet I have sometimes almost brought myself to the conviction that no better disposition could be made of the hopelessly and totally depraved creature I have described than to exterminate him, the same as you would a mad dog or a poisonous reptile. He is not fit to live, and is just as fit to die now as he ever will be. I have known men of this class, in prison, to go through the forms and pretences of repentance and a changed disposition scores of times in the course of a year; but no sooner were they left to themselves or their associates than they mocked you, and boasted and laughed over their fancied success in having deceived you by their hypocrisy. One's feelings, under such circumstances, are expressed in an anecdote told of the venerated John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, who, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a fellow who was lying in a ditch: "Hello! Father Wesley, I am glad to see you; how do you do?" "I don't know you," said Mr. Wesley, reining up his horse, "Who are you?" "Do n't you know me? Why, you are the very man who converted me." "I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse; "at least one thing is evident—the *Lord* had nothing to do with it."

It is an interesting and not unprofitable study to investigate the *actual* causes of crime—to ascertain the influences and forces which are at work vitiating the morals of society and engendering criminal inclinations. It is very apparent that among the influences that contribute to swell the tide of vice and crime are these: the almost unrestricted sale and use of intoxicating drugs and liquors, which in their effects are debasing and destructive to the mental and moral as well as the physical condition of men; [actual statistics prove that two-thirds of prison convicts owe their fate to strong drink;] the recklessness of the modern press and stage, which are becoming a moral abomination in the land; our demoralized and demoralizing party politics, which are often the screen and shield of villainy; the wild spirit of speculation, engendered by the desire for sudden riches and that terrible mania for “fast living” which mistakes glitter for gold, and sensation for sense; the frequency with which, through political, personal, or mercenary considerations, our criminal tribunals acquit, or deal too lightly with guilty offenders, and the too free exercise of the pardoning power. These agencies and influences, by either stimulating men to criminal dispositions or encouraging criminals with the hope of impunity, would, as the result of a thorough investigation, be found to be among the principal causes of crime in this age of the world, and especially in this country. But our investigations, if persevered in until we should strike the very roots of the matter, would result in finding a cause more potent and prolific than any or all of these, namely: the prevalent disposition of young men and women to spend their years in elegant, purposeless, and sensational ease—to live without work, to aspire to be and to fly among the gaudiest of the butterflies, and to be and to move among the stateliest of the

lions, and yet being neither butterflies nor lions, but merely aping the colors of the former and the roar and dignity of the latter. I mean that disposition which leads some parents, in a spirit of mistaken pride and misplaced tenderness, either to permit their children to grow up in listless and objectless indolence, or to destroy their capacity for usefulness in the departments of manual labor, by crowding them into the already greatly over-crowded easy employments, or assigning them to the equally over-crowded professions, for which many of them have no more natural adaptation than horses have for building eagles' nests—or, in other words, to throw them upon the resources of their wits when they have no wits. Hundreds of young men throw themselves away every year under the influence of the senseless notion that manual labor is undignified or degrading; they rush into clerkships in stores or counting-houses, preferring beggarly salaries and a life of ill-paid drudgery to those manly pursuits wherein genius and skill may be developed, and a career of honorable and well-rewarded usefulness attained; and hundreds of others make the fatal mistake of their lives by entering professions for which they have neither natural inclination, intellectual capacity, nor adequate preparation. Most of them can at the best expect to be but plodding mediocres, and many of them, failing utterly, as a last resort, gradually drift into the uncertain waters of adventure, and thence by degrees into the maelstrom of vagabondism and criminality. Many a good man would have been saved to usefulness to himself and society, who went to the bad by neglecting in his youth to prepare himself for the real trials and battles of life. You cannot give an American boy better advice than this—first learn a trade, and then after having become skilled in that, should your inclinations lead you to

desire to enter professional or mercantile life, there will be ample time, if you are studious and possessed of an aptitude for the profession of your choice, to prepare yourself for it. Your previously learned trade will serve as a resource or reserved capital, in case of need, and will in any event be a valuable auxiliary, which, if you be a true man, you will never have occasion to be ashamed of, or regret having acquired. It could be demonstrated, by statistics as well as by logic, that the criminal classes and the prisons of the world are recruited from the ranks of those who have been reared in idleness. Those parents, whether they be wealthy or poor — for life and condition have their vicissitudes, — who permit their sons to grow up into habits of indolence and precarious dependence — who are ambitious to make of them merely *gentlemen* in the much-abused modern meaning of that term, will, in all human probability, live to regret that they ever were born. Do not reason and observation teach us that indolence begets dissipation, that dissipation leads to moral recklessness, and that the next steps in the downward progress to the depths of infamy are easy and generally inevitable?

Thus much as regards the causes of crime. It is needless to enter further into a discussion of its remedies, inasmuch as those are so obviously suggested when naming the causes. The skill and science of the physician are never so much taxed to prescribe for the prevention and cure of human maladies as they are puzzled to ascertain what occasions them. Having ascertained that, the rest is comparatively easy and simple.

And what shall we do with the guilty and convicted criminals? Under what system of restraint, punishment, discipline and reformatory influences shall we place them? They are not fit to mingle in society — then what *shall* be done with them? It

has always seemed to me that our State's prison systems in this country are a disgrace to our Christian civilization. We pen up our convicts in cells and within great strong enclosures, there to serve out a term of years, sometimes in barbarous cruelty, and seldom under any but hardening and manhood-crushing influences; and many of them, at the expiration of their terms of sentence, are sent forth into the world either physically and mentally enfeebled to such a degree that they are only fit to be sent to the poor-house, or with their natures so hardened, or their dispositions so embittered as to render them worse and more dangerous to society than they were before their incarceration. Often the managers and keepers of our prisons are ignorant, stupid, mercenary and immoral men, who receive their appointments merely as a reward for political party services, without any reference to their moral qualifications or their fitness for the great responsibility of their trust. These managers and keepers are sometimes as depraved as are the convicts who are placed under their charge. But aside from this defect, our prison systems are, in the very principle upon which they are established and conducted, mischievously and lamentably imperfect, and need radical revision and reconstruction. Convicts should be sent to prison, not for a certain limited term, and to be released on the expiration of the term, no matter whether they are better or worse men than when they were received, but for the same reason and purpose that an insane man is sent to a lunatic asylum, an habitual drunkard to an inebriate asylum, or a patient suffering from physical illness to a hospital — to be treated for, and, if possible, cured of, the diseases or maladies with which they are afflicted, and not discharged until a competent council of examiners or judges should pronounce them cured. The object of imprisonment should be *reformation*

as well as *punishment*. The responsible managers of prisons ought to be thorough anthropologists—experts in the knowledge of human nature and in the science of the treatment of moral diseases and constitutional deformities; and their system of government and discipline ought to aim at the one great object of educating, humanizing, refining, and reforming ignorant, hardened, and depraved men, and so curing them of the disease of crime and of criminal inclinations, as to fit them to become safe, useful, and worthy members of society, and so inuring and skilling them in habits of industry in practical manual employments as to enable them, when re-entering the world from which they had been excluded, to support themselves by honest labor. Even as habits of idleness lead men into prison, so will habits of industry taught to convicts in prison, prove a strong guarantee that, after being released, they will never return thither.

When we consider that the minds, the hearts, and the temperaments of men have their diseases, disorders and deformities the same as the physical body has—that this one has, as we would say, “a soft spot in his head,” that one an inflamed passion in his heart, and the other one a lop-sided, one-legged, half-blinded, leprous or dwarfed intellect and a natural temperament that is full of crotchets, crudities and creeping things—we can conceive how some men, when we come right to the stern philosophy of the matter, are no more to blame for going crookedly, lamely, blindly, rashly, or foolishly in their moral con-

duct, than are those persons who, being deformed or afflicted in body, go crookedly, lamely, or blindly in their physical movements. Therefore may we not very appropriately sum up this whole matter with the general statement that, in order to prevent crime, we must so train and educate the human family as to keep them from becoming morally or intellectually diseased or deformed; and that in order to redeem those who have been guilty of crime, we must place them under such a system of moral, intellectual and industrial treatment as to cure and eradicate their diseases of the mind, the disposition, and the temperament?

When, in the course of time, that Millennium comes of which we have spoken, and which, let us hope, will, in the providence of God, dawn upon this now sin-ridden and crime-distracted world, the problem of the treatment and prevention of crime, as well as all other problems of social science, political economy, and moral government, which the philosophy of man has thus far failed to elucidate effectively, will have been satisfactorily solved. In the meantime, each and all of us can, by a thoughtful and wisely-directed philanthropy, do much to make the world more heaven-like, mankind more angelic, and the general circumstances of human existence more agreeable, than they now are. And if the object and aim of our lives is not to do what we can, each in his sphere and with what instrumentalities he possesses in this direction, then may we well ask ourselves, Why were we born, or why do we live, at all?

ANDREW SHUMAN.

CAPTAIN LLOYD'S LEGACY.

I TELL the story as it was told to me. There is no reason to doubt its truth. It is about a navigator well known on Lake Erie and in the port of New York twenty years ago, whose name, despite the pseudonym used, will be recalled by many readers. I was a passenger on board the steamer —, then five days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. We were running at fourteen knots an hour strong. It was past eleven P.M. The passengers had all turned in, and besides the man at the wheel, two or three sailors near the fore-castle, and the second officer, who was pacing the deck with me, no one was visible. We were talking about the improvements a few years had made in steam navigation, when I asked ;

"By the way, Lieutenant, what became of Lloyd with whom you sailed in the 'Washington' ten years ago?"

"Dead, Sir, now more than five years gone, by a pistol ball shot by his own hands. It's a longish story and not a pleasant one to dream upon, but as it is nearly an hour before eight bells, and you have just lighted a fresh cigar, I do n't mind telling it."

"You see, Sir," continued the Lieutenant, "that after we left the 'Washington,' I signed articles as first-mate of the 'Dalhousie,' — of which Capt. Lloyd had been appointed master, — a London ship, employed generally on the Australian and New Zealand line. On this occasion she was bound to Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, with a miscellaneous cargo, which included a great number of iron buildings, in detached pieces, for churches or schools, or some such edifices, which the owners had sent out by way of speculation. They

were not bad ballast, and could not catch fire, so we were pretty well satisfied with our freight. The ship was not built for passenger traffic; but, as we had a few spare cabins, some five or six passengers were embarked at first-class rates. Altogether we had a fair promise of as pleasant a passage as one could well expect.

"We cleared the Channel with a fine easterly wind, and in a short time made the line. The first and only inconvenience which we suffered was from want of water. However, we managed to catch a sufficient quantity of rain to last us a few days, and Captain Lloyd promised to put into St. Helena to get a fresh supply. We had got down to within about a hundred miles of the island, and expected to make it the next day.

"That night it was my first watch, and when eight bells struck I was right glad to go below and turn in. Blow high or blow low, an officer who keeps watch seldom remains long awake when the time comes for a snore, and in less than five minutes I was fast asleep.

"It must have been about five bells in the middle watch, when I was awaked by the opening of the cabin door. It was the second mate, who begged me to come on deck directly. Supposing that something serious had occurred, I hastily dressed myself, and running up the gangway, was in a moment by his side, on the poop. Observing nothing wrong, I somewhat peremptorily demanded why I had been aroused. 'The reason is, Sir,' he replied, 'that I am afraid something is wrong with Captain Lloyd. He has altered the course; and though there is a heavy squall coming up from the nor'-west, he won't allow

me to shorten sail; and he's going on in his cabin in the queerest way imaginable. When I went below to report that it was coming over dark yonder, he told me to leave the cabin instantly, and followed me on deck. Giving orders to the helmsman to put the rudder down, he nearly brought us flat aback, and if I had n't rounded in the after braces, we should have been in a pretty fix. Then he made me try and wear ship, saying he was n't going to chase a runaway island forever; and at last, after box-hauling all round the compass, he ordered me to make her course nor'-west and keep her so. You can see through the sky-light what he's about below!

"I glanced through the wire-covered glass and saw that Captain Lloyd was engaged in what, to say the best of it, was an extraordinary proceeding. A chart of the South Atlantic lay before him, and he was endeavoring with a penknife to erase from it the Island of St. Helena. Wondering at what I saw, I said to the second mate, 'Shorten sail instantly, Mr. Jarvis, and I'll go below and tell the Captain.' So the watch was called up, and I left the poop and walked aft into the cabin.

"You remember Captain Lloyd, Sir? A kind-hearted man in his better moods, but terrible in his anger when thwarted or disobeyed. He meant to be master of his ship, and he was. When I entered the cabin he paused in his singular employment and looked up. Seeing that it was I, he hastily dropped his penknife and asked me in his usual tone, 'Do you want me?' I replied that I had come to inform him that we were shortening sail, and fully expected an explosion of anger at this contradiction of his orders; but I was mistaken.

" 'Sit down, Wyndham,' said he: 'I want to consult you on a delicate point.' Wondering what he could mean, I obeyed, and seated myself at some little distance. I observed that

he seemed to avoid the steady gaze I fixed upon him, and glanced uneasily about the cabin as if he feared interruption.

" 'You must know,' began the Captain, 'that some years ago my grandmother died, and left me by her will an estate in Scotland and the entire island of St. Helena.'

"If ever I opened my eyes widely in my life, I did on hearing Captain Lloyd in the gravest way imaginable repeat the above words. I immediately saw that I had to deal with a man in one of the most dangerous forms of lunacy — mad on one point, but sane on every other. The full dangers of my position flashed across my mind on the instant, and I perceived the necessity of showing apparent acquiescence in whatever he might say. So I repressed the exclamation on my lips, and merely nodded in affirmation. The Captain went on:

" 'I perceive you are astonished that so undistinguished an individual should have been left so large a legacy; but when you take into account that I am at the present moment the rightful heir to the crown, you will see less cause to be surprised. However, it is needless to enter into these little family affairs, so I will come to the matter I wish to consult you upon. A few days ago I received a communication from my grandmother —'

" 'But I thought you said she was dead, Captain Lloyd?'

" 'Exactly so. She however thought fit, as I tell you, to visit me last night and to inform me that the island has been removed. That her words were true is evident. For two days I have carefully worked the reckoning, and find that we have actually passed twice over the former site of the Island of St. Helena.'

"I listened attentively to this most extraordinary speech, and at once resolved how to act.

" 'I quite sympathize with you, Cap-

tain. We *must* settle the question. Let me see your day's work!"

"Certainly," replied Capt. Lloyd, "there it is."

"I ran my eye over the figures and found a stupendous blunder. He had placed us to the southward of our real position nearly two hundred miles. To argue the point would have been useless, so I said —

"If you intend to keep the morning watch, Sir, you had better turn in for an hour. It is best not to alarm the passengers."

"Very true," replied the Captain, "I will not. Perhaps, as you say, it will be as well to have a nap before I go on deck. Good night."

"I left the cabin and again joined the second mate on the poop. He looked at me as much as to say, 'Well?'"

"You can go below, if you like, Mr. Jarvis, I will keep watch."

"He did so, and I immediately shortened sail. To dispossess a superior

officer of his authority is a dangerous matter at sea. Fortunately the Captain did not appear again on deck. At eight o'clock I sat down to breakfast with the passengers. As the Captain had not even then made his appearance, I desired the steward to go to his cabin and see if he was awake.

"Presently the man returned, and with alarm depicted on his countenance said, 'Please, Sir, the Captain's dead.'"

"It was too true. He had blown out his brains with a pistol.

"To say that I did not experience a feeling of relief at the announcement, horrible as the deed was, would be untrue. Better the loss of one life than the jeopardy of passengers and seamen, ship and cargo. We buried him on the island of St. Helena and pursued our voyage."

I bade the Lieutenant good night, and turned in to my berth.

N. S. DODGE.

A COMPLAINT.

SWEET bird that chants so joyous strain,
Wake glad your early songs and late;
Pour free your jubilant heart amain
The livelong day—who need'st but wait
The twilight hush to seek again
Your nest and mate.

And ye that grosser instincts bear,
That roam the homeless wilderness,
Whom nature haunts with hungry care
And fiercest brutal passions press,
Ye too may turn to love-built lair
And cubs' caress.

And ye that pipe with droning shrill
From shrub and tree your vesper sigh,
Ye lowly insect tribes that fill
The gloom with night-long minstrelsy,
Blow wide your homely reeds that trill
Love's lullaby.

And ye that prone in darkness keep,
Whose life but earthy senses bind,
Ye nameless reptile brood that creep
Low on the outer verge of mind,
Ye too may own companionship
And love of kind.

And you, ye fairy hosts that bloom,
Unnurtured, by the grassy mead,
Ye have one hour unsoiled of gloom,
One little hour to bliss decreed;
Your flowering time of rare perfume,
Your ripened seed.

The spray that woos the summer breeze,
The autumn woods that rock and roar,
The waves that roam the farthest seas,
That faint and lapse on farthest shore,
Do tell of deathless sympathies
Forevermore.

Earth, wandering, bears a tranquil breast,
Content a kindred orb to own;
With stars that constellated rest,
The ether's purple deeps are sown;
All things the law of Love attest,
Save Man alone.

Ah me! — Life's riddles dark are vain —
All vain these beauty - dreams that haunt?
While from the worm we dare disdain
Comes up love's roundelay, to taunt
Our empty breasts' wild yearning pain
And deathless want.

When shall our souls the joys confess
That to the lowliest creatures come,
Their meaner lives to charm and bless?
When shall our weary hearts that roam
So lonely and companionless,
Find rest and home?

B. HATHAWAY.

ABOUT MONEY.—II.

THE money reformers complain of the dangerous privileges granted by our system to what they call THE MONEY-POWER. When explained, the real meaning would be better expressed by The Credit-Power. For the real evils complained of are comprehended in the unnatural growth of large fortunes by means of credit, and the facilities credit affords for transactions of a quasi-fraudulent character. This will be explained farther on. At present, it is more important to notice the reasons and reasoning of the reformers.

1. They are astonished and alarmed by calculating interest on imaginary dollars invested in imaginary loans, through long periods of time. It would be just as easy to imagine a man living ten thousand years and saving a dollar every day, and investing his money in property. By perfectly legitimate operations, the old man would have more than would be good for us, if natural law had no restraints to put upon his accumulation. But natural law would have a good many restraints. To effect absorption of property by interest on loans, there must be a man to loan it, and he must soon reach the limits of his power to amass. But even Vanderbilt will die; and though the old man *might* be troublesome if he lived a thousand years, it is very certain that he will not, and equally certain that somebody will scatter his fortune before a century passes away.

But the whole theory is an idle speculation. Loans can only share in the profits of industry.

If A., being a manufacturer, can profitably use B.'s money (or capital) to enlarge his business, he will naturally give B. a part of his profits, in the form of interest. And if experi-

ence shows that the interest consumes all the increased profits, A., if a sensible man, will cease to be a borrower; and B.'s money will either be invested, or pass to a more sanguine or more successful borrower. Aside from Government debts on which interest is paid, money at loan is not different from any other capital. It takes its share of profits; if it takes the lion's share there is a soft spot on the head of the borrower. It would be just as cunning to set a cotton-mill spinning to all eternity with the profits all going into one man's breeches pocket, as it is to set dollars at interest at work in the same way.

It is conveniently forgotten that interest, like other earnings, has a propensity to get into stomachs and shoe-leather. The earnings of property at interest are as certain to be eaten up as hogs and cattle, or buckwheat cakes and hominy. There is no difference between earnings of money and any other earnings—all earnings sooner or later follow the "cloud-capt towers" to universal smash; and few men are fools enough to accumulate much beyond the rational limits of consumption.

2. The money-power complained of is the power of banks and railroads to levy taxes, and has no connection with money other than that pertaining to all property. As to the banks, I have now nothing to say, except that I do not expect ever to be rich enough to own bank stock. As to the railroad companies, it is so well known as to be stale in repetition, that the careless generosity of charters is chiefly at fault where fault is found. The cure, by attempting to abolish interest, would be as appropriate as giving quinine pills, sugar-coated, to cure Vesuvius of eruptions. We must get a good

footing on solid ground in common and constitutional law, and reduce the powers of this class of corporations.

We have given them the power to levy taxes upon the people. And it was an incident of the expansion of the currency and the enlargement of credit debts against the people, that they should seek and obtain this imperial authority. They had only to increase their stock by counting one as four, and then to collect the interest upon this stock by means of fares and freights. If the charters left them to determine the price of their services, and put competition under bonds to be quiet, by granting exclusive rights to build and work railroads on given lines—or, if the nature of the case makes a railroad an exception to the law of competition—we suffer, when we suffer, because we made a foolish bargain, or because we are too stupid to find the real remedy. But such corporations are no more a money-power than they are the power of gravitation.

3. But money gravitates to centres, piles up in banks and the vaults of capitalists. So much the worse for the banks, and the capitalists, and the centres. The money is by itself thrifless, and must be got rid of to become useful. The gravitation of money to the centre is useful to the circumference. It would be a damage to the circumference to hold capital locked up in lazy money. It would be just like farms that will not grow so much as white beans. Another advantage comes of the fact that the circumference buys of, and sells to, the centre. It is a real saving to society at large, and as much to the circumference as to any part of the sphere, to have the money *where the exchanges are made*. Nothing could well be more unwise or more fruitless than the effort to get banking capital into the West and South beyond the natural local demand, as regulated by the total demand. At best result, the capital is

borrowed at the East, put into bonds, bonds deposited for bills, and the bills trot off to where they are wanted. It is not wonderful that bankers on the frontier ask all the interest they can get, and die when the deposits fail to come in abundantly, and stay as long as country cousins on a visit.

But it is insisted that money is scarce at the circumference, and that abundance of it would be a blessing. To this it may be answered, that even if the statement were true, the desired blessing is not possible. A Brussels carpet and an Astor library *might* be useful to the poor laborer, but the nature of things exclude him from possessing them. There are hard and fast limits to things in a natural order which is never broken up, except, perhaps, temporarily in appearance only.

But, besides the reasons given above, it may be further urged, that abundant money, where there are naturally few and infrequent exchanges, would only stimulate local prices (as, for example, of fruits not sent to distant and central markets,) so as to increase the cost of living. Most prices being made by distant markets for the things produced in rural districts, any local stimulation of prices would only result in the farmer selling staples cheap and buying other things dear. The abundance of money might raise the price of land, but inasmuch as it could not increase the rental value of land, or the price of its products, it would seem that the main result would be to make that a good place to emigrate from—to cheaper lands.

It is noticeable on this subject that money is abundant on the outer lines at certain seasons without in any way affecting prices. The reason has been given by Mr. Mill. It is substantially because the money comes at such seasons for regular annual work "in moving the crops." Farmers receive and pay in the autumn and winter. During the early part of the summer

country banks send their funds to the city and take four per cent. gladly. One country bank, not wealthy, has at the time of this writing fifteen thousand dollars deposited in Chicago banks on four per cent. interest. At such periods most persons find money scarce. The reason is that nobody has anything to sell—that is, the main body of producers have nothing to sell—and all want to buy more or less. The local dealer in dry goods, etc., wears a long face at such seasons, because he is really an agent of city dealers trying to sell goods where there are plenty of purchasers with nothing but “great expectations” to buy with. It is a pleasant view of the American farmer that his hope is usually large, and his desires and ambition always enough ahead of his means to keep him well up in investing his profits. He is no thriftless dog to let profits accumulate on his hands. They are spent, and usually wisely, before they are earned. But a short crop makes sad havoc with the annual adjustments when, as usually happens, the calamity is not general enough to materially affect the value in market of the little that comes when much was expected. Many other circumstances might be pointed out as influencing the local scarcity, which is always either a natural check put on accumulation of capital in an idle form called money, or is due to the failure of expected produce to exchange for other capital (goods) by means of money. Money ought to be scarce when one has nothing to buy it with. One may indulge a sentimental regret, and show that his heart is in the right place; but the evil, if it be one, belongs to the category of the incurable. When emotion slobbers over in a reform which is to give every man all the money he wants without exchange of property for it, it is still only emotion; and, though it be the very cream of the milk of human kindness it will only aggravate the evil.

It has commonly been taught as doctrine, that the inevitable evils for the most part act as a check to carelessness, waste, over-investment, and the like. Men do not jump over precipices, because they have a wholesome dread of broken bones. In the field I am investigating precipices abound, and people are always tumbling over them; and yet men of some wit spend their time in trying to blind the people concerned to the natural inevitableness of the bruising got in such falls. A “fat banker” or a nefarious law is accused of a poverty created by bad management.

Interest is as sure to capital, which is only previous labor, as wages are to labor. You cannot possibly get them into different categories and keep them apart.

Imagine interest abolished. The widows and orphans might be compelled to eat up their principal; but even that is not probable. Persons in general would only be restricted from lending that yielding no return. Each man would use his own capital. Nobody could borrow. A poor man could not buy a farm at any price above his small savings. All capital would go where most of it—say 95 per cent. of it—now is.

But abolition of interest could not deprive A. of the use of his cotton-mill, B. of the use of his farm, or C. of the use of his railroad. And each of the three things is capital returning interest to the owner.

Capital and labor are, in civilized societies, always together. The crudest laborer must have some capital. It is in his clothes and his spade; not to speak of that which is packed away in his bones and muscles. Men work with tools which are capital; and the more these tools are labor-saving the more do they become labor and the more capital do they represent. In short, a labor-saving machine is at once labor and capital, and their union in such a machine shows the actual identity. A sewing girl, who

saves by the hardest to get a sewing-machine, puts labor into an instrument and the instrument becomes capital which works to better advantage in that form.

4. The national bonds are objected to because they produce interest to the holders of them — the rate of interest is thought to be too high. Now, it is no part of the purpose of this essay to consider the manner and cost of the funding of our debt six and eight years ago. I may hereafter show why and how we made a bad bargain and adopted an unwise system. It is only important to say now, that in this, also, our passion for credit-money, our national bewitchment to get into debt, and not any respect for "money that chinks," laid the foundation of our troubles, and probably doubled our debt, by doubling the cost of the war. I might add that the majority of us seem to feel that the war did not cost enough, and to be anxious to pay a little more from time to time in the form of new bounties to our "noble defenders." It is to be hoped that the cost of the home guards will be found and satisfied by-and-by. The feeling that the war was "dirt-cheap," and being a big thing ought to cost our last dollar, explains partly the gushing way in which we settled our bills with I O U's. But at all events we owed and could not pay, or did not pay. We borrowed money to pay with. If we borrowed small dollars and agreed to pay large dollars it was because we had ourselves depreciated our dollars, and were on the whole proud of our performance and too anxious to borrow to attempt any precise adjustment of paper values as related to gold. In fact, we denied that there was any difference; we deny it now, and "yet we are not happy."

Assuming that we are in debt and do not wish to pay down, the question whether we are to pay interest is not a real issue. If Smith lends his capital to the Government he expects

wages for his capital. Otherwise he will put it into a farm, or a cotton-mill, or a railroad, where he will receive wages. If that is painful to the national stomach, let the nation take the other course and tax up at once to the amount of the debt. Between the two things there is no other, if the soldiers, etc., are to be paid, as we all assume they must be, with all possible promptness.

But, having made the debt, we can now only do what an honest man whose notes are out would do if discontented with the rate of interest; that is, buy the bonds at their market value and either pay or find a better rate of interest. Both these things Mr. Boutwell is actually doing. That he is doing them does not prove him to be a great man or the Americans to be a great people. It just shows that there are a few grains of common sense in the administration, and wit enough to go through the multiplication table somewhere in the country.

The question of paying all down or letting the debt run is not really open. The discontented brethren do not want to pay; they only desire to issue notes without interest and take up bonds drawing interest. Any man would like to do that, if it were possible with honor. But very few ever try it, and none succeed. It is only an effort to get capital into one's hands without giving wages for the use of it. But if the question of paying were before us, this question among others might be asked: Will money left in the hands of the people produce more than five or six per cent.? If it will produce more, then it may be wisest to let paying alone for the present. Now, ninety-nine per cent. of the discontented believe without faltering that they can make more than six per cent. on money. They are bright, active people who see every day chances to mix their brains with opportunity to advantage, who believe they can use profitably more capital than they have.

This thing becomes a conundrum very easily disposed of thus: Either the rate of interest is cheap—below returns of other capital,—or disgusted people who believe bonds pay best will just go in and buy bonds. Mr. Boutwell and Congress will be glad to sell to the labor-reforming all the four-and-a-half per cent. bonds they can conveniently pay for—or, if they prefer it, he will probably sell them bonds without any interest.

But no government at Washington or in the New Jerusalem has the right to make its debts money. There has never been a more monstrous invasion of liberty in ownership, than the issuing of promises to pay as money. It is perfectly proper to stave off payment of debts by giving notes, but to call these notes money is just brazen impudence. Even if there were a date of payment, the notes would not be money when given by a debtor. It is not a ticket representing property in possession as a bank check is. It resembles a bank check only in being printed upon paper. It does not show capital, but declares the absence of it. It shows that the Government is poor by just the total sum of these notes. They all stand for a sorrowful-looking minus quantity. We are precluded from making any rational estimate of their value by the absence of any date of payment; nevertheless we are compelled to treat them as a sort of property worth more or less by virtue of a variety of circumstances such as determine the value of John Smith's due bills. We may take Smith's notes because Smith has nothing else to give, and proceed to value them from time to time according to Smith's prosperity, honesty, and other qualities and circumstances that make the notes of commercial value. This we have actually done with government paper. It has been bought and sold in the market on the estimate men make of its value as a note. Whenever a bushel of wheat changes hands by means of one of these notes,

this note is sold by means of a gold standard, at its market price. The transaction is a barter like that which takes place when A. gives B.'s note for C.'s horse. It is an invariable rule that the note without interest is shaved in such a transaction. That is, a less sum in cash would buy the horse. Such transactions are nearly always made at a loss; that is, there is more difference between the cost of the horse for money and its cost for the note, than the difference of interest to pay-day of the note. *It may* be that Time has no business to cut a figure in this world; but the old man always interferes in our affairs; we may be even more displeased with that shadow of him called uncertainty, but somehow these distresses of moral stomach are about as sure to put in appearance as sea-sickness is to torment landsmen in cockle-shell steamers, storm-tossed in the British channel.

It is not uncommon that Smith's notes sell for more than they would come to in a prudent man's arithmetic. An artificial value may be made for these notes. But it is not worth while to object to this as an element of price. Things are worth their exchangeable value—whatever and however that may be. The point is, that what gives exchangeable value to things is a proper subject of inquiry.

Now, one of the things which gives value to government notes is that a large part of the people of these United States do not believe a gold dollar is any better than a paper dollar. We have educated ourselves into contempt for "barbaric pearl and gold," and a pretty dense delusion in favor of paper money. This state of mind is favored by the fact that the shave upon paper money, though it occurs in every transaction, is disguised under the term dollar, which is either a thing to count with, like, the ideal *Macutes* of an African tribe, (there being no real *Macutes*), or is so much property; and is, then, and ef-

fectually disguised by the use of the same word to indicate the different amounts of capital in the exchangeable value of either dollar. It is selling short tons for long tons, fifty-six-pound bushels for sixty-pound bushels, because most of us only slowly learned to think long dollars and short dollars.

But we have had paper-money bred in the bone, fed in the crib, and plastered all over us, until we are mostly incapable of clear ideas upon the subject. In such a market, paper-money would be taken by everybody, if everybody else would take it. Practically, most men take dollars in notes because other people take them in that way. Can I pass it? is even applied to bills that look like counterfeits; and in fractional currency, a large amount of paper, worth only the paper, "*passes*" just as well as the genuine notes. But a sensible farmer would cow-hide a boy who thought a counterfeit note just as good as a genuine one.

If short tons of coal would *pass* for the same value as long tons, the price of the former would rise. In this, the cheat would soon appear; but in paper dollars it is longer in coming to the surface. The distinction between redeemable and irredeemable paper dollars is so completely rejected by the practice of most of our people, that the fact that *there have been good paper dollars* adds to the confusion.

Another addition to the floating capacity of irredeemable government notes was made by the despotic act which declared them money, and obliged every creditor to take them for debts due him as real dollars. Resistance was, practically, impossible. But if A. must take them for debts due him, he is interested in making the rest of the alphabet take them for goods which he desires to buy.

The "force" element had another effect; it shut us up to this money. It is an invariable rule that the cheap-

est money is always paid out. That is a reasonable man who pays ninety cents rather than a dollar for anything which he purchases. In the days of "red dog" currency, the worst paper that would pass was always paid out. We found in those days that business would go on in "red-dog" and stump-tail notes, because business could not stop. A. took it and ran at full speed to B., and B. took it and "shoved" it along to C. It might have been slate pencils and gone as well. At all events, it travelled as money that chinks cannot be made to travel, and paid debts until night. But the luckless wretch who took it last went to bed, after a fruitless effort to find his creditor or his banker, a sadder and a wiser man. Men with long legs and good muscles continued to escape their share of the direct loss; but the community suffered in the end the immense loss represented by the discounts on all these notes. The greatest loss, however, fell on farmers and laborers in rural districts, where paper-money confidence rose as "stump-tail" declined. The financial surgeons took out their lancets and proposed to take more blood, saying to themselves, "who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?"

The new paper must have one improvement. It must be possible to keep it without apparent depreciation. This is effected by calling it always *one dollar*. "Stump-tail" was willing enough to be called eighty cents, seventy cents, or what he would sell for. The new dollar has the cunning to be read off always at his topmost figure, though he sells for sixty, seventy, eighty or eighty-five cents. In other words we call eighty a hundred, and imagine that so much of the old arithmetic is effectually done for. Nevertheless, our notes are only worth what they will sell for in money. That they fluctuate less than "stump-tail" improves their value as notes, but it does not make them money.

The greater part of the people of the United States are dispensing with money altogether. We have sent all our gold to New York, and improved upon the natural system by keeping it there. The great bankers and the Government keep the money, and the rest of us shave notes, or rather have them shaved for us. We go out to shear and come home shorn. The cost to the people of using irredeemable notes in the place of money must be very great, and it is capable of approximate calculation. Mr. David A. Wells is supposed to have collected the facts for this computation, and, as his opportunities have been rare, and his method excellent, it is worth while to wait for his tables.

Meanwhile it is obvious to people less wise in the data of this calculation, that the uphill movement in currency, or the downhill movement in gold, are attended with an increasing sense of prostration. The wind escapes from the bladders of inflation very slowly, but not so slowly as to disguise altogether by new production the wastes of the flood-tide of paper money.

A fluctuating currency disturbs natural or customary relations among exchangeable commodities, and, an appreciating currency, while it tantalizes us with the view of that solid ground which is "so near and yet so far," puts all producers under the necessity of producing on one grade, and selling produce on a lower.

After having made these general statements and illustrations, I come now to state very briefly why hard money is cheapest and safest.

1. Because our experience shows that we do not and cannot get rid of gold measure, and do not and cannot get rid of keeping the measure at the same expense which attends its circulation. Our gold is kept, is used to measure our staple transactions, and is just as idle as if it were in circulation. Perhaps it does not wear out quite so fast, but the saving is a spigot

one, while our fluctuating paper dollars are wasting at the bung-hole.

2. Because it must be safest to take a cash commodity for articles of production which are sold for what we call money. Gold is indisputably a cash commodity. No one can have any reasonable fear that it will fluctuate in value while he is distributing it, or selling it for the things he wants. In short, it is better to buy gold with our wheat and corn, our labor and manufactures, than to buy notes.

3. Civilization has made gold the standard buyer of all other things. Statutes have no more to do with this fact, except to meddle and make confusion in our use of it, than they have with the rings of Saturn. We trade with other nations, and must adjust our balances in the measure selected by mankind, and hand over, not "stamps," but coin and bullion. The value of our wheat and cotton is determined by the markets of Europe, and in the money of civilization. The "barbarism" lies in the effort to destroy a beneficent social instrument, perfected and made nearly universal by the enlightened refinement of the human race. We can only make ourselves wastes and calamities by locking up the half-bushel and guessing off our grain among ourselves in tin-cups or Chinese lanterns.

4. Paper circulating on the confidence idea becomes a "confidence game" so soon as it takes the form of a promise to pay, and certifies to indebtedness; when it takes the form of an "order to pay," imperative mood, present tense, certifying to possession of *non-invested capital* or MONEY, it opens the way for few frauds, and reduces the amount of money required to effect the exchanges of a people.

The two forms of paper circulation are distinct in their nature, and wholly unlike in their action on wealth; one is cash, the other is debt. A bank check starts at once for the place of payment, and usually reaches it soon;

a bank note starts from the *place* of payment, and, if it ever returns, is as unwelcome as Artemus Ward's mother-in-law's visits. The check travels towards home because it is everywhere known (no man receives it for a night without evidence of good character). A bank note travels out among strangers, and is happiest where it is least known.

If it be objected that no redeemable currency could be made, because, as some affirm, none has been made, then it is time to cease trying to eat our cake and keep it too—trying to pay our debts with the evidences of them, or of those of other people—and to come down from our balloons to the slow but sure means of locomotion on solid earth.

D. H. WHEELER.

A PILGRIM WAIF.

A FEW resolute gentlemen, with their wives and children, landed on Plymouth Rock two hundred and fifty years ago;—no great affair in itself, only that it had seed in it. This little event, being a link between a great cause and a great consequence, has become a great event, and made an epoch in history. There was in that migration a will-power that made it heroic; success, the want of which has spoiled so many enterprises, has crowned it with glory; and Time, that painter in delicate tints, has, with his long-handled brush, given the picture its finishing touches.

We are admirers, but not worshippers, of the Puritans. They were true heroes in the genius of foresight, bravery, and fortitude, which are the main nerves of heroism. But all these may be exhibited in a bad cause. Milton's hero had them all. A pirate ship may be finely modelled and trimly rigged. In reading the story of the Golden Fleece, of Ulysses, of Cortes, and of other expeditions of bold adventure, the same wonder and admiration of physical prowess are called up in our minds. But it is the glory of the Puritan enterprise that a sound and wholesome and elevating religious idea was the mainspring of their exodus and of their work; and therefore that work grew into proportions

of grandeur that did not, like many others named and unnamed, lose itself in underground currents, or become befogged in myths. But as it was vitalized by that only which is vital, their work was widened and clarified and extended till it wielded the moulding thought-power of a continent.

We should remember, however, the fact that Plymouth Rock was a rough common stone, and that the emigrants, who were glad to get ashore on it and catch a few fresh fish as a relief from the hard tack and salt junk of a long sea voyage, were a set of common-sense, hard-fisted men. We should remember just enough of this to keep us from falling into a senseless hero-worship, and thus show ourselves unworthy of our illustrious parentage. It was exactly because they were not such worshippers that we find them on that rough rock. In proof that this hint springs from no ungracious prejudice, the reader is modestly requested to run his eye over the names of the Mayflower band. But the best of us have so much, though ever so little, of the savage or the simian nature still lurking about us that there is a constant tendency to love the creature more than the creator.

That great multitude of good and

wise men who thronged around Plymouth Rock, six years ago, presented a spectacle of true Christian sublimity. But was there not a slight tinge of tawny custom about it, and is it not barely possible that the noble anthems there raised were not entirely unmixed devotion? Did, or did not the "Rock," all unaware, of course, come in for a quarter per cent. or so of the doxology? Moral analysis is a much more delicate process than chemical. Faith has necessarily so much of imagination involved in its exercise that the religious sentiment has always afforded the most facile avenues for superstition. When Moses died, Jehovah buried him alone, (what a funeral was that!) and his grave is unknown to our day. This was, doubtless, to prevent the semi-barbarous Israelites from flocking like silly sheep to his tomb in annual pilgrimages, and thus making a Mecca of it. For a similar reason, may there have not been a Divine providence, in the literal sense of the word, which led the pilgrims, at their first burials, to level the graves and sow grass on them, though with the simple purpose on their part of preventing the Indians from counting their dead? This precaution against surrounding barbarism reached farther, perhaps, than was intended, and saved the after out-cropping of that ugly thing among their own posterity, as well as much unnecessary expenditure of quicklime and granite.

The causes and circumstances of that transplanting of a handful of men, women, and children from the heights of civilization to the level of heathenism, with a mighty ocean rolling between, were certainly wonderful. The idea that possessed them, of fleeing from the "world" and forming a society on a spiritual basis that should be perfect, was a grand one, but, alas! superhuman. It was the monastic idea, refined and enlarged and in a tremendous cloister. The first little colony ever planted, named

Eden, had abundance of room and solitude; but found its harmony soon disturbed, and things going awry, and the history of that endeavor is the prototype of all subsequent ones, proving that evil is ubiquitous and sempiternal, and stops not at any thickness of wall or breadth of water.

"Whose lot so blest, and whose the joyful eyes
Exempt from tears from minute unto minute?
In what sweet vale is there a paradise
With nothing creeping in it?"

It has been said that "God sifted three kingdoms to get the Pilgrim wheat"—a nice little gem of rhetoric, but it seems just one speck of cheat slipped through the sieve. For it is recorded that "one John Billington came from London and smuggled himself on board the Mayflower."

"What's in a name?" "Much, every way"—if it is not irreverent, as well as anachronistic, to make St. Paul answer Shakspeare. There is a certain indefinable force of sound about names which no laws of philology explain or control. No stretching of fancy can clothe with sublimity such an appellation as Joel Wiggins, even though it belonged to the noblest man in the world. You may load down each end of it with the most honorable titles, but the more you do it the weaker it is in the middle; and whenever you pronounce it, the dimples that lie hid in the corners of your mouth will be sure to come out. On the other hand, some names have a sound which commands respect, let who will be the bearer; appellations which need no title to ennoble them. To our ear, the names that end in the *on* sound, carry a sort of grandeur that belongs to few others. *Vide*, or rather *audi*, that of the tall Indian chief, Tokamahámon, and that of the Iron Duke, Wellington,—and that catalogue of Revolutionary heroes, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Livingston—and the moderns, Jackson, Harrison, Lincoln, and Johnson. Many of the most famous

men of England bore names with this ending. Then there is that most magnificent name in all history, at the very sound of which one is instinctively prompted to lift his hat — Agamemnon — fit only for a warrior-chief, for the very utterance of its sublime syllables has the rumble of a train of artillery.

So the snuggled lad of the Mayflower had a good start, from the cradle, in a name which, tried by this standard, bore a sonorous respectability. But according to the records, Billington was a bad boy. He was with the pilgrims, but not of them. He was different in circumstances, in training, in spirit, and in purpose. Yet, it strikes us, there must have been an understratum of good qualities in him. If it required heroism to do what the pilgrims did, it required no less to do what Billington did. They were going to a wild, unknown region of the earth with the warmest mutual affection and friendship knitting them together. He was going to the same wild region, with no such knitting-work, and nobody's friendship. Who can tell what noble aspirations — though somewhat twisted, it may be by strabismic moral views — possessed that young man's soul. He was an adventurer, and so were they. He had been, very probably, a London *gamin*, but this very movement proved that such a life did not fill his hopes. He could not have misconceived the nature of the enterprise. He was too sharp not to understand the character of the people he was joining. His surreptitious embarkation proved that. He knew the risks, and this makes his audacity the more striking.

It may seem an unworthy task to "take up the remains" of a character that has long lain flattened under a monument of condemnation, and attempt to stem a current of prejudice that is running with the momentum of centuries. But somehow or other, our heart goes out towards John Bil-

lington; not for what he was, but for what he might have been. We do not wish to make a saint of him — nor even a Puritan, but think an honest word may be said in his behalf. Let not this sympathy be deemed morbid, for a greater than we ate with publicans and sinners; and there is no evidence that Billington was anything more than the latter. There was evidently a dash of spirit about him which prompted him to come out into a large place; and, though his plans were indefinite, and his hopes confused, there was, without doubt, a good deal of loose timber in him, which, if got together and rightly framed, might have built him up, eventually, into a full-wigged and ruffled dignitary of Massachusetts Bay. As it was, he slipped into the Pilgrim ship, with his mind made up for adventure, as untamed and uncultivated as the land to which he was bound.

With what a curious eye he must have watched the novel proceedings of those staid old men! What an amount of stamina it must have required in him to withstand the shock of discovery, when that array of stern eyes was first leveled at him! What funny thoughts he was compelled to keep to himself for want of a confidant! What odd reflections were salted down in his memory during that long voyage! With what bounding delight his young and elastic spirits must have greeted the strange and weird objects of the new world, with its mighty forests so full of silent mystery and grandeur! What a curiosity was his at sight of the first Indian, and the tassels of the first corn-field! His youthful tastes were all alive to present impressions. He viewed surrounding novelties with as much interest as his betters, and with a keener relish. That was what he came for — not they. They brought over a ship-load of principles and purposes, and went right to work, cultivating corn and character. He

brought his eyes and ears over. They came with a definite plan to a dennite place. He started out a cosmopolite to see what he could see. Oh! that he had written a book! We would give more for a faithful autobiography of John Billington, than for a cart-load of the "latest publications."

With such diversity of sentiments and purposes between the Puritans and this outside Pilgrim, no wonder that the two sharp edges were not long in coming together. During the first winter, we are told, Billington was charged with "contempt of the captain's lawful command, and making opprobrious speeches." This officer was Capt. Miles Standish, described as a "small man with great courage," who had been put at the head of military affairs by the colony, and had under his command an army of fifty men. He walked with side-arms under his cloak, and carried a slender cane, and had seen service in Flanders. Billington, perhaps, chafed under the exactions of the severe military drill which Standish imposed upon all the settlers alike, and it is not impossible that the Captain had given him some personal occasion for the offence. But Billington's side of the story has never reached us. Bancroft tells us that Standish loved the church, but never joined it. This is creditable to him, as far as it goes; and the Plymouth captain can boast a more numerous class-posterity than all his brother Pilgrims.

The youngster in punishment for the offence in question, was condemned to have his "neck and heels tied together;" but he begged so hard, and promised so "good," that kind-hearted Governor Bradford forgave him, this once. If in these days of free thought and free speech, everybody who indulges in "contempt" and "opprobrium," were subject to this kind of vermicular punishment, we should have a very circular time of it. We have a surmise, with only one

fact, however, to support it, that Billington, by some insight into Puritan mythology, gave a poetical interpretation to this curious penalty, and concluded that the safety of his neck was in some way connected with the use of his heels; for he was soon after suddenly missing. And now shines out the inherent goodness of the fathers. The whole colony was astir with commotion, and full of anxiety. He was a naughty fellow, to be sure, but a white man, and an Englishman; and they were conscious of sustaining toward him a stern duty of public protection. And duty with them was an iron law. He was a Plymouth citizen; and Rome never recognized a higher claim of citizenship than did the infant colony of Plymouth. They supposed he was kidnapped by the savages. Standish set on foot several expeditions, by water and by land, for his rescue; and as we might expect of the London boy, he was found at last comfortably at home among the red people, bedecked with beads and other Indian gewgawry. He willingly returned with his white friends, secretly pleased, we may imagine, at thought of the important relations he bore to the State, enjoying for a time a sort of Mason and Slidell notoriety.

In the meager history of those times we have not so full accounts of individual experience and adventure as we should like, either of the good or of the bad. This young man was evidently a troublesome member of society as it was then constituted. At first, if not always, he was innocent of what may be called criminal conduct; but in the language of his fellow-citizens, "was a pest to the colony, and vicious." This is a very unfavorable endorsement; but viciousness, measured by the pentateuchal standard of the Puritans, might be pretty well up in the scale of ordinary virtue now-a-days. So we must give the "lad," as they called him, the benefit of the doubt. From his standpoint and starting-point he exhibited

as much perseverance and pluck as Carver and Bradstreet. They were large-souled men, overflowing with resolute spirit. But did not Billington's pint-cup run over, too? The voyage was just as long for him as for them, and the preparation far more discouraging, and the outfit nothing. In addition to this, he had no religious faith to lean on. He had shown good qualities which promised much if the right influences had been applied. Looking back through the very converging vista of two- and - a - half centuries, it seems a little doubtful whether the lad was given exactly a fair chance. The purposes of the Pilgrims were excellent, without doubt; but their measures of discipline may be questionable. To take a free and easy boy from the streets of London, and clap a Puritan jacket on him at once, must have been a tough experience for the youngster; and if the spirit of Hampden and Cromwell was in him, how could he help being a little rebellious, especially when for his first offence they humbled him, "neck and heels," into the attitude of a grub?

"England expects every man to do his duty!" and the Puritans, in keenness of moral perception, were certainly not behind him of Trafalgar. Now it does seem that the Forefathers ought to have tried their utmost moral skill on this person, so thrown on their hands, and have done their best with him. By their own account, the largest amount of the wickedness in the colony came over in him. What a missionary field was in that boy! What an evident Providence there was in moving him like, and yet unlike, the old patriarch, to go out, not knowing whither he went! He was thrown out of the midst of vice and temptation, into the very citadel of truth and piety. He was begirt by a host of mighty virtues, and a practical faith almost Abrahamic. All outside influences and examples were pulling him in the right direction. It is doubtful whether any other man ever got

into a place so morally tight as did John Billington, Anno Domini 1621. So energetic a faith as that of the Forefathers should have seized on such a subject, and made short and triumphant work with him. He was certainly in a fearful minority. Had the Pilgrims levelled their ordinances of kindness on him with as much energy of purpose and skill in gunnery as they planted their cannon on the roof of the meeting-house against the Indians, his surrender would have been probable. But they seem either to have reprobated him from the first, or to have erred in the means of influence they adopted.

But there is something to be said in their defence. They had fled from a sharp religious persecution, and had shaken off, as they fancied, all inhospitable dust from their feet; and in search of permanent peace had crossed a sea vastly wider than did the Israelites, and with no aid of miracle. It was no small trial then, not to say vexation, when they called the roll on this side the great waters, to find a son of Belial among them—a fly in their pot of ointment. Imagine how Joshua and his people would have felt had they discovered on the other side of Jordan a swarthy Egyptian hid in their baggage. The hero of the ram's-horn would have given him Jericho! Let us not be censorious then, since the Puritans, under similar sufferings, were more merciful than the leader of Israel; for, after all, there is great risk of injustice in judging of acts and motives dimly seen through the deepening shadow of so many ages. And it may be that while they were so busy with their strong hands and stout hearts laying deep foundations for us, they were equally faithful with their contemporaneous duties; and that the verdict they have sent down to us—"He was a pest to the colony, and came to a bad end," sets forth correctly the incorrigible character and deserved fate of poor John Billington.

J. B. L. SOULES.

HOW LIDA DISPOSED OF HER LOVERS.

LIDA had passed the first flush of her girlhood. She had had her day; it had begun early, and lasted long, and the time was at hand when she must make way for the coming woman—a creature whom she regarded with mingled suspicion and dislike.

The sight of a rounder or fresher cheek than her own had begun to give poor Lida a pang; but woman-like she gave no sign. Her heart panted just as eagerly for pleasure, her step was as light in the waltz, as swift on the ice now, as it used to be—we will not say how many seasons ago. From the amount of attention she attracted wherever she appeared, perhaps Lida was justified in a rather high estimate of her personal charms. People turned in the streets to look back at her in passing, and even rheumatic old men hobbled out of their way to walk behind her; glasses were levelled at her from all quarters, whenever she made her appearance at opera or theatre; and the Jenkinsons vied with each other in describing her toilettes—all parties agreed that she was "one of our most beautiful and charming belles." Lida was a blonde, little, lithe, graceful, with tiny hands and feet, brown eyes with dark eyebrows—a little darker than nature had made them—and masses of fluffy golden hair. Her nose was delicate, her lips thin, but red, and her complexion pale and clear. Lida's figure was perfect, her health good, and her spirits pure, and she shook her small fist in the face of grim Time and defied him. If not always well dressed, Lida was at least becomingly dressed. Jaunty was her style, and she made everything bend to it. I fancy that Lida would have

managed to look coquettish in a nun's habit or in a shroud. The *matchot* mode was a godsend to Lida; it subtracted at least five years from her age. She wore her sailor hat perched just over her eyebrows, with cascades of yellow hair streaming out in the wind; her short, scant skirts made no pretence of concealing the daintiest of boots; and the collar of her jacket was ornamented with anchors. Skating had gone out of fashion, but Lida had not gone with it. She packed away her blue and ermine costume, smothered her longings, and waltzed faster than ever, but it was like cutting off a right hand or plucking out one eye; skating was a thing she revelled in. The keen winter air sent the languid blood tingling into her usually pale cheek, the great brown eyes darkened under her ermine cap, and she glowed and sparkled in a way that was perfectly bewitching as she flew over the ice with the grace and abandon of a winged creature.

I suppose it is scarcely necessary to add that Lida was a coquette. She practiced her arts alike upon high and low, young and old, rich and poor. The Bishop himself was scarcely safe from her, and as for the Rector he had succumbed long ago; and she fairly laughed in his face when he tried to win her to a less frivolous life by reminding her of the vows made by her sponsors at baptism.

"Let them look to it then," she said, "as for me, I too have vowed a vow." He looked interested.

"And what is it may I ask?" She smiled wickedly into his face. "Putting it poetically," she said, "to fill my cup of pleasure to the brim."

The good man looked pained,

"And after that?" he asked.

"After I've had my fling? Oh, perhaps I'll mend my ways—who knows."

Other girls who had begun life with Lida were married off or had disappeared from the ranks. Nobody thought of them or missed them, perhaps, save Lida herself, who seldom lost track of them altogether, and often found her way to their nurseries. Some of them looked like staid and almost middle-aged matrons contrasted with her jaunty youthful figure. Sometimes to an ancient admirer, who had, perhaps, since dropped into the vacant post of confidential friend, she would laughingly point them out as contemporaries; for in spite of her feminine follies she had a vein of genuine humor.

Female flirts may be divided into two classes, the young woman who flirts with a purpose, and the young woman who flirts without. It is often difficult to distinguish them; but the former is by far the larger class. The one has an eye for eligibles only, and takes her aim with coolness and deliberation; but when the game is brought down she is content and lays aside her weapons at once and forever. It is astonishing how suddenly demure and settled down such a flirt will become when once she is engaged. She only used the means which nature gave her to accomplish the purpose of her being; that done, the heart of her husband may safely trust in her. But the flirt of the other class is the much more dangerous character of the two. She aims at nothing but amusement, and is careless how or from whom it comes; the victim may be eligible, or ineligible, and if ever she makes especial exertion it is apt to be in favor of extreme youth or age. Possibly, she takes a certain pleasure in thus distinguishing herself from a flirt of the other class; and she is apt to pride herself upon the disinterestedness of her attachments. She seldom is, and ought

not to be, a wife. Lida was pre-eminently a member of the latter class. Possessed of little conscience and even less religious training, a superficial education, high spirits and superfluous energy, it is, perhaps, not strange that Lida, for the want of a better occupation, played mischief with men's hearts. Friendship is, possibly, the strongest sentiment that such a woman is capable of feeling; but she often makes the best of friends, and is as constant in friendship as she is fickle in love.

Lida had a remarkable talent for turning her old lovers into friends, and so "providing for the morrow," as she termed it, when she should get old and need them. She abhorred the thought of marriage. She valued her liberty and her ease as highly as any gay bachelor, and as for money, her father had left her enough—not to make her an heiress, but still enough to place her beyond the need of marrying for money. Her life was her own to make what she would, and she made nothing of it. To her there seemed nothing to be done save the one thing that other women did. She did not want to marry, and she did not want to be old and unmarried; for how could an old woman amuse herself? Unhappily there was no middle course. One day she sat down and looked the matter fairly in the face, and then poor Lida cursed her fate. Why had heaven ever made a creature like herself, when she must change, and fade, and die, or worse than all, grow old? Thinking did not make matters any clearer; yet something must be done, since youth was not immortal and pleasure must one day be sought in vain. Though Lida was unconscious of it, I fancy that the day had already dawned. A line kept running in her head as she thus meditated, lounging with foot on the fender, over an early autumn fire. "My mind to me a kingdom is," she found herself repeating; and then

she sighed over the sorry work she had made in ruling hers. It was nothing but a desert waste, no help could be got out of it. Lida felt that she must take counsel. There was her married brother in whose house she lived, but he was wholly engrossed in business, and besides would think that she had taken leave of her senses; no, she certainly would not go to him. While she meditated, the shadows deepened and the light in the room grew dim; then she heard a ring at the door and steps along the passage.

"Mr. Marshall," announced the servant. "Show him in here," said Lida, and a sudden resolution flashed through her mind. She grasped the poker and with an emphatic punch or two sent a blaze roaring up the chimney, which set the shadows dancing in the room and turned her fair hair to burnished gold; then she subsided languidly upon her sofa cushions to receive her visitor. Mr. Marshall was a lawyer by profession, stout, middle-aged, unmarried and endowed with large possessions. He had been regarded as a "catch" for many years, and although society had been on the *quiver* several times, in regard to his matrimonial intentions, he was still numbered among the eligible bachelors. In times past he had decided to bestow upon Lida his hand and fortune, but finding that she could not bring herself to accept of the generous sacrifice, he sagely concluded to swallow his chagrin and add himself to the list of her devoted friends. Such was the position of affairs the night Lida formed her resolution. "I am so glad to see you, Mr. Marshall!" she exclaimed, giving him her hand, and pointing to a place beside her on the sofa—for Lida was very kind to her friends. "Your visit is exceedingly *apropos*. I was just needing counsel." Mr. Marshall's heavy face brightened, and he smiled upon her as if the wisdom of Solomon was about to be put at her disposal, and I fear that Lida had rather encouraged

him in this view of himself. "I trust that I can help you, Miss Lida; pray tell me all about it—without reserve," said he, assuming a confidential attitude.

And Lida did tell him all about it. "And now can you help me?" she asked when she had finished, fixing her eyes a little anxiously upon his face.

He had listened in silence, and Lida was puzzled, adept though she was, to read his countenance.

"Help you—I hope so," and his eyes met hers. "My poor child," he said softly, holding out his arms to her as though he expected her to throw herself into them.

"O, Mr. Marshall!" she exclaimed, "it is not so bad as that; I don't want any help of that sort."

"My dearest girl—let me tell you that you deceive yourself; that is just the sort of help that you *do* want. Perhaps never before have you been ready to listen to any man's suit; but the time has come to you now as it must come to all women. You are not sufficient for yourself—you allow that much—you need something more? If not love, then nature itself must whisper—what more?" He waited; but Lida remained silent, never lifting her eyes from the toe of her slipper.

Mr. Marshall resumed, watching her keenly: "It is hardly necessary for me to go over the old ground again, is it, Miss Lida, and point out to you how admirably we are adapted to each other? Our tastes and habits are similar, our circle the same; we should neither of us expect the other to make any herculean effort, or practice any heroic virtues. Everything would be easy, natural and unaffected." Mr. Marshall was so delicate as not even to refer to his great possessions, but bending down to look her in the face said: "If there be little gained, Lida, there is as little lost."

Lida's continued silence emboldened Mr. Marshall. His eye lighted with

the certainty of coming triumph, and he took her passive hands in his and drew her towards him. She started up and looked at her companion as though she scarcely understood him, if she even heard his words. But he was not slow in assisting her comprehension; and when Lida saw there was really only one way out of it, she took that way. But when he had been assured that Lida would probably never marry at all, and certainly could never marry himself, Mr. Marshall went away in great bitterness, and Lida knew that she had not only lost her lover but her friend. She drew a long sigh that ended in a groan, looked at her watch, and found it was dinner time.

The whole evening was before her, and two chances more, she told herself; for she had vowed she would follow the advice, whatever it might be, of one of the next three friends who called upon her, and one chance was already gone. But Lida had not long to speculate. She had just clipped a tea-rose and settled it to her satisfaction in the waves of her hair, when the maid brought her a card bearing the name of Francis Adrian, written in his own sprawling hand. She gave a last look in the glass to assure herself that nothing was out of harmony, shook out the train of her black silk — Lida was apt to be either very dark or very brilliant in her attire — and went down to receive her artist friend. She had come to know him intimately during their somewhat brief acquaintance, and had sat to him in numberless attitudes and characters. Francis Adrian was a puzzle to Lida. He was enthusiastic, eccentric, and unworldly, perhaps to a fault. To Lida he seemed to go about with his head among the clouds; yet in proportion as she did not understand, she looked up to and admired him. Although he had never told his love, she had long been as well satisfied of her conquest as she cared to be. As she really liked him, she had taken pains

to avoid a climax, feeling that she might not be skillful enough to neither accept or refuse him — a state of things she considered infinitely interesting.

Lida thought there was something a little strange in Francis Adrian's manner this evening, and she delayed the confidence she intended to bestow, until he should become warmed into a degree of his old ardor. He always talked well, and upon occasions eloquently, and she was a charming listener. Although not brilliant herself, she knew where to ask a pertinent question, and when to bestow an appreciative smile, and perhaps that is quite enough in a woman. But to-night she was fairly at a loss; she had never before seen her gentle giant, as she sometimes playfully designated him to her intimates, in so bitter a mood. He took a cynical view of affairs in general; and to his hostess herself he came very near being sarcastic. She tried with apparent unconsciousness to win him to a happier mood, but signally failed. Dropping her coquetry she said at length, somewhat abruptly: "I do not understand you to-night, Mr. Adrian."

He laughed shortly. "And I understand you only too well, Miss Sommerville," he said.

For once in Lida's career she was taken completely by surprise. She hesitated between bursting into tears and getting 'angry, but concluded to do neither just then. "Are you then so sure?" she asked gently.

"I wish I were as sure of Heaven," he returned.

What could he mean, what could he possibly have heard? she asked herself. She carried an easy conscience; and, at that moment, it did not accuse her of any particularly heinous fault; yet she knew that she and Francis Adrian had never met soul to soul, nor was she desirous of such meeting. She felt, intuitively, that his standard was above her own;

and however much she might admire excellence in another, to imitate it required something beyond the homage of a passing moment.

"I have something to tell you, Mr. Adrian," she said at length. "If I had not resolved to speak to you before this evening, perhaps I might not do so now, but—I want your friendly advice."

He looked more surprised than pleased as he signified his readiness to listen; for he was one of those people who, having once doubted, find it next to impossible ever again to believe. Broadly, he divided woman-kind into two classes—the good and the bad. The good were angels, and the bad devils. He could not understand that either might possess that mixture of good and evil which he was so willing to believe in and sympathize with in his fellow men. In short, his experience with women had been slight, and he idealized them.

So Lida told her story to deaf ears. He did not believe her; he thought it only another of her evil wiles and hardened his heart. Lida saw that she had lost him—that he was beyond her power. It was a new sensation, and not altogether a pleasant one. She had much ado to keep herself from bursting out crying; but she knew that tears would not now avail. So she steadied her voice, and spoke to him as man to man—or, at least, as she fancied one man might speak to another. She asked him why his manner seemed so changed, and demanded what had occurred to rob her of his good opinion.

He looked at her steadily but coldly, and replied that he preferred to let her own conscience be her accuser. "And if it does not accuse me?" she said.

"Then you are worse even than I imagined you to be!"

Her eyes fairly blazed.

"Mr. Adrian," she said, "you forget yourself!"

"Pardon me, then," he said;

"I did n't really mean to show it to you, but if you insist upon it—there is my explanation," and he placed an open sketch-book upon the table and rose as if to go.

"You ask my advice," he said, "as reparation is impossible, I see nothing left but *repentance*—a life of which could not atone for the mischief already done—done, too, in cold blood to pamper an insatiable and unwomanly vanity!" He saw the little hand tremble that rested on a chair as she stood before him, and she looked so childish, so young, although she was about his own age, that he relented a little.

"I did not mean to be cruel; but Lida, oh, Lida! why have I been so mistaken in you?"

"Be thankful that you have found me out at last," she said, with a laugh that was partly hysterical, "and now, if you please, we will say good night;" and she offered him her hand, which he held for an instant with a slight pressure, and then hurriedly left the house.

Lida stood motionless for a few moments in the middle of the room where he left her, with pale cheeks and eyes fixed upon the floor; then she roused herself and went to examine the open page of the sketch-book. Her first impulse was to burst out laughing, for the humorous side of things was always the first to strike her: then, as she looked, the color came slowly into her cheeks and brow, and though no one was there to look at her, she buried her face in her hands.

The sketch was in India ink—an elaborate caricature, entitled, "Lida's Lovers." In the centre, upon a high canopied throne, lay a human heart; the numerous steps which led to its approach were thronged with kneeling worshippers, who jostled and crowded one another, each intent upon maintaining his own position, and looking upon every one else as an intruder. In the distance were those who had

been discarded—envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness—in a variety of dejected attitudes. Many of the figures Lida did not fail to recognize; clergymen in their surplices, old men, young men and boys, were all represented. Nearest the throne stood a figure with eyeglass and cane, not unlike Mr. Marshall, who, with a gesture of proprietorship, warned away some apparently new comers. On either side of the central scene were separate pictures; on the right, the figure of a youth with dishevelled locks and distracted mein, aiming a pistol at his own breast; on the left, a city street in perspective, down which a young man staggered, with his hat over his eyes. Both of these histories were, unhappily, not entirely new to Lida. In the foreground stood the artist himself, with his back to the observer, making a sketch of the group; by his side was an elderly gentleman swinging his spectacles and pointing out objects of interest to the artist.

This figure had been studied with especial care, and Lida recognized it at once. She had known and flirted with him years ago, when a very young girl, and had since frequently heard of his boasting how he had first "brought her out." A harmless old fossil enough, whose main fault was vanity and whose solace gossip, yet he had not spared her. He had watched her whole career, and scarce a link was missing in the chain of evidence. And it carried with it a certain retribution; for it made the past, of one who could not escape retrospection, hateful in her own eyes. Alys, pleasure had served Lida as the little book did the Prophet—first sweet, then bitter! She had been advised to marry, and counselled to repent, and she found one about as difficult as the other. She was by nature totally unfitted for a life of contemplation, or I think the retreat of some pious sisterhood would, at that time, have tempted her.

The next morning she woke, for the first time in her life, weary and unhappy. She had hoped to sleep off her trouble as she had never failed to do before; but there it hung, a dead weight upon her spirits, this sunny September morning.

Her temperament was sensuous, and in her own way she instinctively battled with her trouble. First, she plunged into a cold bath, and then worked herself into a healthy glow with the aid of a pair of light dumbbells; then, after breakfasting somewhat languidly, which was far from being her wont, she sauntered into the conservatory, and looked after her favorite plants, drinking in their beauty and fragrance meanwhile, and sunning herself in the warmth of the pleasant atmosphere. Soon she wandered out upon the well-kept lawn that surrounded her brother's house, petted the dogs, thought of her little orphan cousin, Harry, and finally decided to go for a drive. This was the strongest cordial in all her pharmacopœia; she could not believe that it would fail her now. But fail it did; her heart lay like a lump of lead in her bosom while she rolled swiftly up and down the pleasant avenues, and into the crowded thoroughfares of the busy city; for she soon tired of her own company, and sought to lose herself in a crowd. People turned to look after her, as they always did; daintily dressed, seated in a light basket-phaeton drawn by a span of sleek gray ponies, she certainly made as pretty a picture as one would care to see. Suddenly she stopped at a crossing, and nodded smilingly to a young man who was passing.

"Davy," she said, "it is a lovely day."

"Never lovelier," replied the person addressed, coming to the side of the low carriage, and taking the offered hand of its occupant.

"Do n't you want to come for a little drive?"

He flushed all over with delight, as

he stood hat in hand, then he knitted his youthful brows meditatively.

"I wonder if I might; could you take me out west to a place where I must go to-day?" he asked with animation.

"Certainly, anywhere you like. Come, jump in at once."

Lida's companion was considerably younger than herself, scarcely more than a boy, in fact, of whom she was quite fond, and whom she treated as a sort of pet and protegee. He was what her brother called a "rising young man;" he studied law and wrote for the newspapers. Everybody said that Davy Thrush was very clever, and Davy thought so himself.

Lida had the greatest faith in her favorite's future, and used frequently to predict, that after the next election—for she had not a doubt but so-and-so would be the successful candidate—he, Davy, must have some nice government position, perhaps go abroad as consul, or something. He was a manly-looking, sturdy young fellow, with square-shoulders, a fine intellectual head, dark blue eyes, and closely-cropped, curling hair.

"I wanted to talk to you, Davy," began Lida, as soon as they had left the din of the busy streets behind them.

"This way?" she asked, turning toward a bridge that led to a distant part of the city.

"Directly west," he replied, "go on please; what were you about to tell me?"

She seemed lost in thought for a moment.

"Do I look unhappy!—do I seem tired of my life?" she asked.

"You!" he exclaimed. "How could you?"

Then she began the story she had told twice before, this time not to deaf ears.

"O Miss Lida!" he cried, "I wish—" and then he looked into her eyes and stopped.

"Tut, tut, little boy!" she said "if wishes were horses, you remember!"

"I know I might as well cry for the moon," said he.

"Quite as well, Davy," she returned, smiling a little sadly, and giving his hand a little pat with hers.

They drove on a few moments in silence. Then he directed her which way to turn, and they found themselves in a shady avenue of the suburb.

"Why did you come out here," she asked, "to see some one?"

"Yes, here we are; he lives in that fanciful cottage there, with the piazzas and bay-window. Drive around the block while I tell you about him. Such a splendid fellow! His name is Edwin Bond; I never wanted to help anybody so much before. He is our client, you must understand."

Lida smiled.

"Well, King & Sayers' client then;" and he proceeded to tell her how Edwin Bond's partner, after plunging the firm into great financial difficulty, had absconded with a considerable amount of money. King & Sayers were managing the case; and they feared that he could not be saved from absolute ruin, unless he could borrow a large amount of money, or take a new partner; but nobody wanted to go into firm whose affairs were in such an unsettled condition, and the poor fellow had not a friend who could or would help him.

"Shall you be long?" asked Lida, when she had stopped in front of Mr. Bond's house.

"But a moment," he said.

"Then I will drive around the neighborhood until you come out."

An idea had occurred to Lida, and she drove on so lost in thought that she almost forgot to return for her companion; when she did think of it, she found him waiting for her.

"You saw your friend, I suppose?" said Lida.

"Yes, he is sick at home; that is why I came to his house. He has such a pretty wife and children; I wish you could have seen them."

"Do you know, I have an idea, Davy?" said Lida, after a short silence.

He looked at her interrogatively.

"You know I have money—that is, *some* money?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose I help Mr. Bond."

"You? impossible! Your brother would never let you; and I am not sure that it would be right or best for a lady to do a such a thing."

"You do n't quite comprehend me, Davy. What did Mr. Bond's partner do—I mean what department of the business did he look after?"

"Oh, he did the correspondence, and gave credits."

"And what sort of things did they sell?"

"They are wholesale grocers, did not I tell you?"

"*Grocers!* Well, I do n't know that it makes much difference about that."

"What do you mean, Miss Lida?"

"I mean that I shall offer to go in as Mr. Bond's partner."

"What a very strange idea! You really cannot mean it?"

By the time they had reached home, she had almost talked him over to her views.

"Remember," she said at parting, "that my money is my own, and my brother has nothing to with it."

She had considerable difficulty in convincing her brother that this was actually so; but he was finally obliged to submit, though protesting that this was the most unwise and absurd of all his sister's freaks. As for Mr. Bond, he had very little choice in the matter. The only hand held out to rescue him—though a woman's hand—he accepted with gratitude. Mr. Bond knew that Miss Somerville was in a position to make her own terms: but when the new sign "Edwin Bond & Co.," was put up without any demur, he concluded that she was going to be amenable to reason. But it appeared that such

was not the case; he found himself obliged to concede a desk in the office. His new partner was very much in earnest; and to his astonishment, in a short time she was perfectly as competent to conduct the correspondence, as her predecessor had done before her. Her letters were written in a large, bold hand; and she soon learned to be sufficiently concise and to the point, while refusing a credit in a gentlemanly manner. It was agreed by the whole establishment that she was inimitable.

Out of courtesy, Mr. Bond consulted his partner upon many matters great and small; and before he was hardly aware of it, he found himself listening to her suggestions with respect, and not unfrequently following them.

The step that Lida had taken was, of course, widely discussed among her friends. Some said it was a mere whim of which she would soon tire; others that she was doubtless in search of fresh conquests, and devoted her spare time in making eyes at the grocer's clerks. Lida's eccentricity—as it was termed by everybody—was the nine days' wonder, and then, as such things always do, gave place to a later sensation. But Lida's late admirers asked themselves and each other if it were possible that this state of things could last.

A woman seldom values money for money's sake. To what, then, did this heaping up of riches portend—was it a new phase of the woman question? The new firm grew and prospered. At the close of the year, Lida, who had until now worked merely for work's sake, found a goodly array of figures added to her credit. From a consumer she had become a producer. It was a new sensation, and a decidedly pleasant one, she thought. She stood all alone in the world; nobody expected anything of her; nature had not made her a philanthropist, and of grace she

knew but little. She took counsel of her own heart, and it resulted in her sending for her little orphan cousin, six-year-old Harry, and bestowing upon him the wealth of her hoarded affections. Was she happy? I believe she was; perhaps not to the extent of which most women are capable, but Lida was not like most women. The vague little romance which, too late, she found she had

cherished, was over. She could have loved Francis Adrian with his large heart and strong arm; but he had misunderstood and maligned her, she told herself, and perhaps they would not have been happy together after all — most likely not, as she thought of her married friends. It was altogether better as it was. Harry should love her, and she would be happy in Harry. And I think she was content.

MARY MCCONNELL.

SALUTATIONS.

LA VATER most truly said, "The character of a man may be detected not less clearly — nay, often much more so — in the most trifling gestures, in the ordinary tone of his voice, in the way he takes a pinch of snuff or mends a pen, than in great actions, or when he is under the influence of the stronger passions, which, indeed, obliterate nice distinctions."

If we believe individual characteristics can be thus shown, (and for my part I have much faith in the idea,) it most assuredly follows that national character may be; therefore, it is said by an eminent author that "the best and truest history of a people will be found in their daily habits," which, of course, includes the little demonstrations having the term at the head of this sketch.

There is little we know but can be traced to the East, and so I will commence with that region of country.

The people there are pastoral, unwarlike, fond of quiet, and are also encircled by religious ideas. We see this in the simple meeting of two persons in the street. They convey—in the form of prayer—an earnest wish that the other may enjoy Peace. Throughout the Bible this blessing forms the staple of salutation. *Salem* or *Shalom* means Peace, and is doubt-

less the meaning in the word *Jerusalem*. The Bedouins of our time have the same idea embodied in their salutation. The Arab meets his friend with this: "May God grant you a happy morning;" "May God grant you His favors;" "If God wills it, you are well." The difference, here, is very considerable, according to the rank of the person saluted. The most common mode is merely laying the right hand on the bosom, and a little declining their bodies; but when to a person of great rank, they bow almost to the ground and kiss the hem of his garment. Inferiors, out of deference and respect, kiss the feet, the knees, or the garments of their superiors.

The dominant trait in the character of the Ottoman is known to be great pride, much gravity, and apparently a considerable distaste to the use of his tongue in speech. It will be noticed in many of his sayings that these three are often unfolded. "May your shadow never be less," shows how they value flesh.

In Egypt the climate is so very warm and feverish, and perspiration is so very necessary to health, that an Egyptian greeting is "How do you perspire?" According to Herodotus

the Egyptians saluted by letting the hand fall to the knee, unlike any other nation.

The Spaniard wishes you "Good morning," "God be with you, *señor*."

The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grow in sanctity."

The Piedmontese, "I am your servant."

The Genoese of modern times says, "Health and wealth."

The Romans, who were robust, had energetic salutations, expressing force: "*Salve*;" "Be strong;" "Be healthy;" "*Quid agis*;" "What do you do?" or "What make you?"

The Chinaman, with earnest solicitude, asks, "Is your stomach in good order?" "Have you eaten?"

When Lord Macartney was introduced to the Emperor of China, in 1793, it was observed that every one of the Chinese prostrated themselves upon the ground; and at the grand ceremony, on the Emperor's birthday, the people knelt and bowed nine times, with as much solemnity as if they had been worshipping a deity. At Shanghai, if the visitor is to be received with great ceremony, the host meets him at the very threshold of the house; if on an equality, at the door of the apartment; if as an inferior, sitting in the room. The same rule is observed on taking leave; but, in the two former cases, the guest at each passage makes a show of trying to prevail upon the host not to come further, each, meanwhile, closing the two fists together and bowing; this in Canton phrase is called the "Chin-chin."

The German says "*Wie gehts?*"—"How goes it?" To bid adieu he says, "*Leben Sie wohl*!"—"Live quiet and be happy." In Madame De Stael's "Germany" is a note taken from Nimrod's "Letters from Holstein," which says: "In one respect, in Germany, I think politeness is carried too far. I mean in the perpetual act of pulling off the hat. Speaking ludicrously of

it, it is really becoming *expensive*, for, with a man, who has a large acquaintance in any public place, his hat is never two minutes at rest." A "Handbook for Northern Germany" says: "A curious instance of the extent to which this practice of bowing is carried, occurred to the writer in a small provincial town in the south of Germany. At the entrance of the public promenade in the *Grande Place* he observed notices painted on boards, which at first he imagined to contain some police regulations or important order of the magistracy of the town. Upon perusal, however, it proved to be an ordinance to this effect: 'For the convenience of promenaders, it is particularly requested that the troublesome custom of saluting by taking off the hat should here be dispensed with.' It is not to friends alone that it is necessary to doff the hat, for, if the friend with whom you are walking meets an acquaintance to whom he takes off his hat, you must do the same, even though you never saw him before. German civility, however, does not consist in outward forms alone. A traveller will do well to conform, as soon as possible, to the manners of the country, even down to the mode of salutation, troublesome as it is. If he continues unbending he will be guilty of rudeness; and on entering any public office, even the office of the Schnellposts, the underlings of the place, down to the book-keeper, will require him to take off his hat, if he does it not of his own accord. An English traveller repaired to the police office at Berlin to have his passport signed, and, having waited half an hour, said to the Secretary, to whom he had delivered it, "Sir! I think you have forgotten my passport." "Sir!" replied the man of office, "I think you have forgotten your hat!" In thus recommending to travellers the imitation of certain German customs, it is not meant, be it observed, to insist on the

practice prevalent among the German *men* of saluting their *male* friends with a kiss on each side of the cheek. It is not a little amusing to observe this, with us, *feminine* mode of greeting exchanged between two whiskered and mustachioed giants of the age of fifty or sixty."

The Hollander on his travels asks, "*Hoe wa-arl'ge?*"—"How do you go?"

The placid Dane uses the German expression, "*Lev vel*,"—"Live well."

The native of Poland, "Are you happy?"

In Borneo, all subjects entering the Sultan's presence squat on their hams, then lifting their hands clasped together to the forehead, bend until the hands nearly reach the ground.

In Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea" it is said: "The most striking peculiarity of the inhabitants appeared to be their excessive politeness; every respectable looking man took off his hat to every other respectable looking man. At first it seemed natural that people in so small a place should all know one another; but when we found that to cross the street involved, in our case, at least six acknowledgments of these salutations, it became necessary to do violence to our feelings of modesty, and attribute to our decency of deportment their frequent recurrence; and so I concluded the origin of this custom to be a desire on everybody's part to congratulate each other in looking so respectable in such an out-of-the-way part of the world as Dubooka."

Among the Tchouvasses, when the bride is conducted to the husband's house, she remains for a short time concealed behind a partition; she then makes her appearance, and, in a modest serious manner, walks three times round the company. At the last turn the husband snatches off her veil and salutes her. From that moment she becomes his wife, and receives the cap, which is the distinct-

ive dignity of a married woman. When bed-time approaches, she is obliged to draw off her husband's boots! Her servitude then commences. Here is an excellent illustration at the service of the woman's rights protectors.

In Sumatra, the saluting person bows, begs the left foot of him whom he addresses, kneels on the ground, and applies this foot to the crown of his head, forehead, breast and knee; finally he touches the ground with his head and remains for some moments stretched out on his belly.

In Japan, the inferior takes off his sandals, puts his hands into the opposite wide-flowing sleeves, bends slowly, till they reach his knees, and thus with short and measured steps, and with a rocking motion, passes his superior, crying, "Do n't hurt me!"

In "Wilkes Exploring Expedition" is found the following:

"Among the Feejees the language affords various forms of salutation, according to the rank of the parties; and great attention is paid to insure that the salutation shall have the proper form. Women make their salutations in different words from those employed by the men, and no less care is taken by them to observe the appropriate formula. Thus the wives of the *matanivanua*, or land-holders, say, on passing a chief's house, '*a-a-vakaudn-wa-a*;' women of the lower orders, say, '*ndnoo*;' and fisherman's wives say, '*wa-wa*;' stooping with their hands behind their heads. Equals salute each other with '*ei vilitui*;' men of the lower orders address chiefs, '*duo-wa turanga*,' and the chiefs reply, '*ivea rakaw*.' They have, also, forms of expressions equivalent to our 'yes, sir,' 'no, sir,' as '*io laka*,' and '*langa laka*.' When the men approach a chief they cry out, '*don-wa*,' to which the chief replies '*wa*!' The salutation is not accompanied by any obeisance of the body, except

where a chief is met on his route, when all retire out of his path, crouch, and lower their clubs. The mode of salutation varies in different parts of the group; but in all, a chief would be thought ill-mannered if he did not return the salutation of a common man. When the Vasutogai, or Vasu-levu of a town or district visits it, he is received with honors even greater than those paid to the chief who rules over it. All bow in obedience to his will, and he is received with clapping of hands and the salutation, 'O La vi naki lako mai vaka turanga Ratu vasu-lever.' 'Hail! good is the coming hither of our noble Lord Nephew.'

Hooker, in his interesting "Himalayan Journals," writes: "The customary mode of saluting one another among the Tibetans, is to loll out the tongue, grin, nod, and scratch their ear; but this entails so much ridicule in the low countries, they do n't practice it to Nepalese or strangers; most of them when meeting me, raise their hands to their eyes, throw themselves on the ground and kotowed most decorously, bumping their foreheads three times on the ground; even the women did this on several occasions. In Thibet, Sikkim, and Bhotan, the signal for our departure were white silk scarfs thrown over our shoulders according to the established custom."

Since the seventeenth century the bowing of the head has become common, but previously it was confined to those of the higher ranks. In Catholic lands Benedict XIII, in 1728, recommended this salutation. "Praise be to Jesus Christ." Answer, "In Eternity, Amen."

In a very recent history of "Madagascar and its People," by James Sibree, Jr., it is stated: "Among the Malagasy, if an acquaintance is seen squatting on his look-out, as we pass by, or if it is a person of known position or rank, though not a friend, it would be rude to proceed without saying: 'Mbay lala na, tòmoko-è,

i, e.' 'Allow me to pass, sir;' to which he responds by a gracious 'Andêha tòmoko e.' 'Pray proceed, sir.' Then generally follow, 'How are you?' 'How do you do?' 'How is it with you?' in a number of variations unknown to western speech; until at last, as the passer-by gets out of hearing, the final 'vêlôma,' 'farewell,' literally, 'may you live,' and 'trazantizavo,' 'reach old age,' complete the series of complimentary speeches interchanged. If a servant, or any one wishing to show respect, passes near to one when sitting in the house, or in front of you out of doors, he bends down, and with the head nearly touching the ground, says, 'Allow me to pass,' or, 'Excuse me, sir,' (Aza fady âho.) The salutation to Andrians, or members of the royal tribes, differs from that addressed to ordinary Hovas. The usual inquiries are preceded by 'Tsàra vâ, tòmoko è?' literally — 'Is it well, sir?' they reply, 'Tsàra hiàny.' 'Well indeed.'

In Asia, generally, it will be noticed, and it has been stated by many travellers, salutations are esteemed indispensable, and any irregularity or neglect is a great transgression, since they indicate the rank.

In Russia, saluting ladies by kissing the forehead has taken the place of kissing the hand, as formerly, and in departure, they say, "Pardon, forgive," as if supposing something improper or rude might have been said or done.

Rev. David Livingstone in his "Missionary Travels in South Africa," mentions a common mode of salutation in Londa to be to pick up a little sand and rub it upon their arms and chest; but when they wish to be very polite, they bring a quantity of ashes or pipe-clay in a piece of skin, and taking up handfuls, rub it on the chest and upper part of each arm; others, in saluting drum their ribs with their elbows; while some touch the ground with one cheek after the

other, and clap their hands. The chiefs go through the manœuvre of rubbing the sand on the arms, but only make a feint at picking up some of the earth. He says :

"Among the Balonda, another form of salutation, of Christian (?) origin, "Ave-rie" (Ave Marie.) The forms probably travel farther and faster than their faith. The usual salute in many parts of Africa is by clapping the hands.

"The method of salutation practiced by the Batoka or Batonga, as they here call themselves, in the northern part of Africa is quite singular. They throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressive of thankfulness and welcome, uttering the words, 'Kina-bomba.' This was to me (Livingstone) very disagreeable, and I never could get reconciled to it. I called out 'stop, stop; I do n't want that;' but they, imagining I was dissatisfied, only tumbled about more furiously, and slapped their thighs with greater vigor. The men being totally unclothed, this performance imparted to my mind a painful sense of their extreme degradation."

Barbarous nations imprint oftentimes on their salutations, the dispositions of their character.

When the inhabitants of Carmena (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they opened a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the flowing blood.

The Baron von Secken, when travelling in Africa, was obliged, in order to gain the friendship of one of his chiefs, to propose and perform the ceremony of drinking blood with him.

In Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" may be read: "Primitive nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know no reverences or other compliments, or they despise and disdain them. The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European

uncover his head, and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior. The Islanders — near the Philippines, — take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. Dampier says, that at New Guinea, they are satisfied to put on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute. Other salutations are very inconvenient and painful; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the straits of the Lorrund. Hartman tells us they saluted him in this grotesque manner: 'They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face.' The inhabitants of the Philippines use a most complex attitude; they bend their body very low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knee bent. In a word, there is not a nation, observes the humorous Montague, even to the people who, when they salute, turn their backs on their friends, but that can be justified in their customs. The negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions, and hence all their ceremonies seem farcical. The greater part pull their fingers till they crack. Snelgrave gives an odd representation of the embassy which the king of Dahomy sent to him. The ceremonies of salutations consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger. The Franks tore the hair from their heads, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut off his hair and offered it to his master."

To bend and prostrate one's self, to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion, and the affectionate touch of the person they

salute is an expression of tenderness.

The Pole embraces the knee, kisses the shoulder, and in departure, says, "Be ever well."

In Hungary they say at departure, "May you remain well; God keep you well."

In Servia they say "How are acorns?" "Are acorns plenty?" they being a pastoral people.

The Mountaineers of Germany say "*Gluck auf*"—a good journey upward, or, "*Fahrt gesund auf*," meaning the same.

In Turkey great attention is paid to salutations; the arms are laid over each other, each one on his *own* breast, and bending the head.

The Hindoos bend the head to the earth.

In Sweden—beside the universal "*Gud dog*," which needs no translation, they ask, "*Huru mår Ni?*" literally, "How *can* you?" meaning, "Are you strong and vigorous?"—also, "*God sct lov!*" "God be praised." Their parting is, "*Farväl*."

In Crofton Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland," it is stated that the custom of greeting with a benediction has been practiced in Ireland from time immemorial. It is a custom of Eastern origin (no doubt of it). Persons on a journey are saluted with various and peculiar phrases, appropriate to the time of day, the nature of the road they are pursuing, or other circumstances. Early in the morning, or on the approach of night, you have such as "God speed you," "God and the blessed Virgin attend you," "The blessed Patrick go with you," etc.; but if the traveller has to apprehend danger on his route, the expressions are more energetic—as, "Safe home to you, by the help of God," "God guide and protect you, and lead you safely to your own home, with the blessing of all the Saints."

The Persians, on meeting, say, "Peace be upon thee!" "How is the state of thine honor?" "Is thy

exalted high condition good?" "Glory to God for thy benevolence!" "I make prayers for thy greatness!" "May thy shadow not be removed from our head!"

When a Persian enters a *mejlis*, or assembly, after having left his shoes without, he makes the usual salutation of "*Salem aleikum*," "Peace be unto you"—which is addressed to the whole assembly, as it were, saluting the house, (Matthew 10, xii.) "And when ye come into a house, salute it." Then, measuring with his eye the degree of rank to which he holds himself entitled, he at once wedges himself into the line of guests, without offering any apology for the general disturbance which he produces.

The Moors of Morocco ride at full speed toward a stranger, as if to run him down; as soon as they have approached near, they stop suddenly, and fire a pistol over his head.

The manner of saluting the Great Mogul is to touch with the hand, first the earth, then the breast, and then to lift it above, which is repeated three times in succession as you approach him.

Of the many kinds of salutations in the Bible, I will give a few instances. Gen. xliii. 29—"God be gracious to thee my son." We would term this the giving a benediction. In Asia, however, it is now used in the same way that we employ those assurances or offers of service which are so common on first meeting or leaving an acquaintance. Looking at it in this light, it would explain the ground of the frequent scriptural use of the term, blessing—in the place of the salutations and farewells of the East.

Matthew v. 47—"If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others?* do not even the publicans so?" This shows how universal this custom was in those days.

St. Luke, x. 4. "Salute no man by the way."

Burder, in his "Oriental Customs,"

page 277 — in reference to the above, says, "The mission upon which the disciples of Christ were sent, was so important that they required to use the greatest despatch, and to avoid those things which might retard them, especially if they were merely of a ceremonious nature. The injunction contained in this passage is thus to be understood; for it is not to be supposed that Christ would command his disciples to neglect or violate any of those customs unnecessarily which were in general use, and which were innocent in themselves; in the present instance, had they been allowed to give and receive the common salutations, it is probable that their progress would have been inconsiderable for the time employed in it." Of the truth of this statement, we may be satisfied from what Niebuhr says, (*Travels*, vol. I, page 302.) "The Arabs of Temen, and especially the Highlanders, often stop strangers, to ask whence they came, and whither they are going? These questions are suggested merely by curiosity, and it would be indiscreet, therefore, to refuse an answer."

In vol. II, page 467, of Burder's "Oriental Literature," he says, referring to the declaration, "Salute one another with an holy kiss." "Saluting one another on the face, in token of respect and friendship, was an ancient and common custom, among both Jews and Gentiles; and was continued for some time among the primitive Christians in their religious assemblies, and particularly at the end of their prayers, before the celebration of the Lord's supper, to testify their mutual love. It was, therefore, called 'the holy kiss,' to distinguish it from that which was merely of the civil kind. By this symbol, they showed that Christians, as such, were equal; because, among the Persians and other Eastern Nations, equals kissed each other on the cheek, but, inferiors kissed the hand of a superior.

"The manner of salutation among the wise men was this: he that saluteth says, 'a good day to my Lord,' and he replies, saying, 'a good and long day to my Lord;' always he that replies doubles the salutation. The persons they usually saluted were their relations or friends. They were not very free in saluting others, as strangers and Gentiles."

It was not customary among the Jews, during the days of their mourning, to salute anyone.

From the very oldest times we read of men saluting the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand. In Rome, the people saluted the Emperor at a distance, by kissing their hands, in the same manner as when they saluted their gods.

It was quite commonly believed by the ancients, that the statue of Memnon, within a temple in Egypt, saluted the sun every morning at his rising; the cheat consisted in this, that the statue being hollow, when the warmth of the morning began to rarify the including air, it was driven out through a narrow duct in the mouth; this made a gentle murmur, which the priests interpreted a salutation.

"Salutation Angelical," is an address which the Romanists make to the Virgin, containing the formula in which the angel saluted her, when he acquainted her with the mystery of the incarnation.

The Pope, it is said, makes no reverence to any mortal but the Emperor of Germany, to whom he stoops a very little, when he admits him to kiss his mouth. I doubt if this would be the case at present.

The custom of kissing the hands of others, or of bringing one's own to the mouth, is supposed to be the most universal custom of any.

Shaking hands is one of the most common among "civilized" nations.

T. M. Hughes, in his "Journey to Lisbon," says, "Every Portuguese woman, who has the least pretension to be considered a lady, must be address-

ed as 'Your Excellency.' Every tailor in this country is 'Your Grace' and 'Illustrious Sir.' (Imagine this in New York city). In Lisbon, the balconies are the great place of rendezvous, there they exchange their civilities, their '*muito obrigados*,' 'much obliged,' and their '*passa muito bem*,' 'may you pass the time very well,' (in health), and wave their fingers at each other in a curious complimentary salutation."

In an article entitled, "Jottings and Journeys in Spain," published in the June, 1870, number of "Harper's Magazine," it is stated—"Lifting the hat when entering the presence of others is more imperative in Spain than in France or Italy; not to do so in a diligence, railway-coach, or a room, is thought a violation of good manners, if not a positive offence. I have seen sensitive Castilians look angry, even fierce, and twirl their mustache with offended dignity, when foreigners neglected to raise their hats. As you take leave of a lady you say, 'I hurl myself at your feet, Madam,' (*A los pies de usted, Señora*); and she responds, with an eloquent casting down of the eyelids, and a graceful sweep of her fan, 'I kiss your hand, Sir,' (*Beso a usted la mano, Señor*;) for the reason, perhaps, that neither you nor she intend to do anything of the kind. Then she looks tender, and uses the phrase, 'May you depart with God and continue well,' (*Vago usted con Dios que usted lo pase bien!*) You reply, 'May you remain with God,' (*Quede usted con Dios*.) To pass your friend in the *prado* or *alemada* with a single nod and 'good morning,' would be an offence. You must not only stop; you must enquire with many high-flown compliments after his health, that of his wife, his children, and all his relations. Unless you exercise some energy you will be kept a quarter of an hour or more in idle talk; or, perhaps, be carried off to a *café* to drink a cup of chocolate or a bottle of wine."

Rees' Encyclopedia says, "*Salutatio*, among the Romans, was daily homage paid by clients and inferiors to their superiors. Among the great, *Atrium* was the place appointed for this purpose; but among the people of the middling condition, the *vestibulum* only. This practice of salutation was not confined to the city, but took place in the army likewise; it being usual for the private soldiers to go very early in the morning to salute their centurion, who at their head proceeded to salute the tribune, and then the tribune with the rest went and saluted the emperor, or commander-in-chief. The women, too, had their crowds of saluters attending them every morning. The manner of receiving those who came to pay their respects, was to receive those of the better sort with a kiss, and the poorer sort had a small entertainment given them, and were even feasted by such as wanted to be thought more liberal than ordinary. There is a great variety in the forms of salutations; we salute God by adoration, prayers, etc.; kings by genuflection, etc.

"*Salutatorium*, in nunneries, a place where the nuns receive the salutation of those who come to see them."

In a volume on *Africa* (forming a part of a set called "The British Colonial Library,") it is stated, "The custom of saluting each other is not general among the Tambookles; a captain alone receives this mark of respect. Thus, the captain of a *kraal* on his entrance, would be saluted by his men with 'A Mapasa!' or 'Hail to the Mapasa!'"

In the XI Vol. of the "Gentleman's Magazine," page 542, published in 1741, is this amusing account pertinent to the subject:—

"Now, Sir, to my complaint; as I was standing the other day in the Tileyard Coffee House, who should come in but my cousin Manly, when we saw one another, we ran directly to salute; I met him *a la mode de*

Paris, with open arms, and was going to salute the right cheek; I thought he was going to return the salute in the same manner; but as soon as I cried, 'My dear Jack!'—'Dear Tom,' says he, and straight he caught me in his great strong arms, and gave me such a Hug, as almost squeezed the Breath out of my body, and entirely discomposed my *person*, and *temper* for the whole day after. Now what I would have of you, is, to advise all rough Tars, Country Foxhunters, etc., etc., not to attempt the *French Salute* with a *kiss* on the cheek, till they have first applied to some Dancing-Master; who will teach them the advance step, the genteel position of the arms, and the tender folding and soft touch, without any Embarrassments of one's person, or discomposure of one's clothes; This would oblige a number of Gentlemen."

Mr. Stonecastle answers:

"The Romans in the decline of the Empire practiced on each other the civility of kissing and embracing: But this method of Salutation grew at last a great inconvenience to the *Beaus*, from the *Hugs* and Squeezes of some strong, rough, hearty Fellows who had something of the Roman left in them.

"However, the *Beaus* had interest enough with the Emperor Tiberius to obtain an Edict for abolishing the *Close Hug*.

"As for my correspondent, I do n't know what to in his favor. If I should publish any Edict in defence of the *English Beaus*, little deference would be paid to it; I would therefore advise the *Captain* and all other gentlemen who practice the French Salute, to change it to the old English one, and they will not be in the least discomposed by pulling off a Hat, or much hurt by a hearty shake of the Hand."

"MON CHER MONSIEUR:—I didda read your Journal called de "Spectator," in which vas de Lettre from de Captain—And Begar it vas very prettie Proposals to de Shentlemen of

England, who have not been at Paris, to learn here of de French Maitre de Ballet de French Congee, de French—vat you call it in Anglais—de French—Oh! De French Shrugges—and the French Salutation, which is the French Buffee on de two Sheeks—Ah! very prettie Proposalle—Monsieur "Spectator," I send this Billet for you tella de Shentleman Beaux dey may have de Honour to be teach'd de Congee, de Shrugge, and de Salutations by me, Monsieur de Marquess de Capreol, for no more dan 20 Livres for a lesson, by dere Tres obedient obeessant humble Servant,
MARQUESS DE CAPREOL."

In the 1st Series of "Notes and Queries," XI Vol., is stated, "Whenever an invited guest entered the house of a friend, he invariably saluted his wife and daughters, as a common act of courtesy."

Chaucer often alludes to it. Thus, the Frere in the "Sompnour's Tale," upon the entrance of the mistress of the house into the room where her husband and he were together:

"Ariseth up ful curtesly,
And hire embraceth in his arms narwe,
And kisseth hire swete, and cherketh
As a sparwe
With his lippes."

Robert de Brunne says the custom formed part of the ceremony of drinking healths:

"That sais wasseille drinks of the cup,
Kiss and his felow he gives it up."

John Bunyan condemns the practice in his "Grace Abounding:—"

"The common salutation of women I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it, and when they have answered, 'it was but a piece of civility,' I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks?

Why did they salute the most handsome and let the ill-favored ones go?"

In the Society and Friendly Islands, two persons, on meeting, salute by rubbing the ends of their noses together, and the salutation is returned by each taking the hand of the other, and rubbing it upon his own nose and mouth.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend half-naked.

The "*Comment vous portez vous*" of the French, is more passionate than thoughtful. On taking leave their "*Adieu*," distinctly recognizes the providential power of the Creator, and the same meaning is conveyed by our English word "Good bye"—which is a corruption of "God be with you."

Is it possible to find anything more heartfelt than the lively "How *do* you do?"—"How are you?" of the English?

It is thought by many authors and historians that all forms and manners of salutations were originally prayers, but have given place to the mere enunciation of a *wish*.

But the little birds still retain the original custom—for—according to Gerald Massey, in his "Tale of Eternity:"

"No marvel that the Birds salute the dawn,
For all the dangers of the dark withdrawn;
Break into singing with their first free breath,
That they have swum the dim, vast sea of death,
And hymn the resurrection of the light,
In praise to Him who kept them through the night,
And cared for His least little feathered things,
Encompassed with the safety of His wings;
While those that cannot warble, twittering tell
Of darkness past once more and all is well."

J. W. D. PATTEN.

ON THE SANDS.

I WAS summering at our Oregon Newport, known to us by the aboriginal name of Clatsop. Had a balloonist, uninstructed in the geography and topography of this portion of the Pacific coast, dropped down among us, his impression would have been that he had alighted in a military encampment, very happily chosen, as military encampments usually are.

Given, one long, low, whitewashed house enclosed by whitewashed pickets; a group of tents outside the enclosure and on the bank of a beautiful gravelled-bottom, tree-shadowed stream, and you have the brief summing up of accommodations for summer visitors at Clatsop. The plentiful sprinkling of army buttons among the guests—for there are two forts within a three hours' ride of this beach—tend to confirm the impression of military possession. Besides,

our host of the whitewashed hotel is a half-breed; and there is enough of the native element hanging about the place, picking berries and digging clams, to suggest an Indian family where a temporary station might be demanded. It would only be by peeping inside those tents where ladies and children are more numerous than bearded men, that one could be convinced of the gypsy nature of this encampment; though, to be sure, one need not press inside to find them, for the gay campers are sauntering about in all directions, ladies with their escorts, children with their nurses, parties returning from boating or fishing, or riding or bathing: everybody living out in the open air the whole day through on one pretence or another, and only repairing to the hotel at meal times, when the exquisite dishes prepared by French

half-breeds suffer the most instant demolition — such hunger does open air inspire.

I had come here just invalid enough to be benefited by our primitive style of living; not too delicate to endure it, nor too robust to enjoy the utter vagabondism of it. There had been no necessity upon us to ape fashionable manners; no obligation to dress three times a day; no balls to weary ourselves with at night. Therefore this daily recurring pic-nic was just sufficient for our physical recreation, while our mental powers took absolute rest. For weeks I had arisen every morning to a breakfast of salmon-trout, French coffee (*au lait*), delicious bread, and fresh berries; and afterwards to wander about in the cool sea-fog, well wrapped up in a water-proof cloak. Sometimes we made a boating party up the lovely Neah-can-a-cum, pulling our boat along under the overhanging alders and maples, frightening the trout into their hiding-places under the banks, instead of hooking them as was our ostensible design. The limpid clearness of the water seemed to reflect the trees from the very bottom, and truly made a medium almost as transparent as air, through which the pebbles at the greatest depth appeared within reach of our hands. A morning idled away in this manner, and an afternoon spent in seeing the bathers — I never trust my easily curdled blood to the chill of the sea — and in walking along the sands with a friend, or dreaming quietly by myself as I watched the surf rolling in all the way from Tilamook Head to Cape Disappointment, — these were my daily labors and recreations. The arrival of a bundle of letters, or, still better, of a new visitor, made what variety there was in our life.

I had both of these excitements in one day. One of my correspondents had written: "I hope to see you soon, and to have the opportunity, long sought, of telling you some of the

experiences of my early life. When I promised you this I had not anticipated the pleasure of talking over the recollections of my youth while listening with you to the monotone of the great Pacific, whose 'ever, forever' is more significant to me than to most lovers of its music. I never gaze upon its restless waves, nor hear the sound of their ripple on the sands, or their thunder on the rocks without being reminded of one episode in my life peculiarly agitating to remember; but perhaps when I have told it to you, you may have power to exorcise the restless spirit which rises in me at the recollection."

So here was promise of the intellectual aliment I had begun to crave after all these weeks of physical without mental action. I folded my letter with a feeling of self-congratulation, and turned to watch the movements of a newly arrived party for whom our half-breed host was spreading a tent, and placing in it rather an extra amount of furniture; for, be it known to the uninitiated, we had platform floors under our tents, real bedsteads, dressing bureaux, rugs, and other comforts to match. That our new arrival exceeded us in elegant conveniences was, of course, duly noted by such idlers as we.

The party consisted of a lady, a little girl of ten, and a Kanaka servant. The lady's name, we learned, was Mrs. Sancy, and she was from the Sandwich Islands. More than that no one was informed. We discussed her looks, her manners, her dress, and her probable circumstances, as we sat around the camp-fire that evening, after the way of idle people. It occurred to me, as I glanced toward her tent door, illuminated by our blazing fire, and saw her regarding the weird scene with evident admiration of its picturesqueness, to ask her to come and sit with us and help us eat roast potatoes — roasted as they cook pigs in the Islands, by covering up in the ground with hot stones.

The fact that the potatoes, and the butter which went with them, were purloined from our host's larder, gave a special flavor to the feast—accompanied as it was, too, by instrumental and vocal music, and enlivened by sallies of wit.

Mrs. Sancy seemed to enjoy the novelty of her surroundings, contributing her quota to the general fund of mirth and sparkling talk; and I congratulated myself on having acquired an interesting acquaintance, whose cheerfulness, notwithstanding the partial mourning of her dress, promised well for its continuance. Had she been sad or reserved she certainly would not have been sought as she was by our pleasure-loving summer idlers, consequently my chances of becoming intimate with her would have been greatly abridged. As she was, she soon became, without question, one of the chief social attractions; easily falling into our vagabond ways, yet embellishing them with so much grace and elegance that they became doubly precious to us on account of the new charm imparted to them. All the things any of us could do Mrs. Sancy could do better; and one thing she could do that none of the rest of us could, which was to swim out and float herself in on a surf-board, like a native island woman: and seeing Mrs. Sancy do this became one of the daily sensations of Clatsop Beach.

I had known Mrs. Sancy about one week, and came to like her extremely, not only for her brilliant, social qualities, but on account of her native originality of thought, and somewhat peculiar culture. I say peculiar, because her thinking and reading seemed to have been in the byways rather than the highways of ordinary culture. If she made a figure of speech, it was something noticeably original; if she quoted an author, it was one unfamiliar though forcible. And so she constantly supplied my mind with novelities, which I craved, and became like

a new education to me. One forenoon, a misty one, we were out on the beach alone, wrapped up in waterproofs, pacing up and down the sands, and watching the grey sullen sea, or admiring the way in which the masses of fog rolled in among the tops of the giant firs on Tilamook Head, and were torn into fragments, and tangled among them.

"You never saw the like of this in the islands?" I said, meaning the foggy sea, and the dark, fir-clad mountains.

"I have seen *this* before;" she answered waving her hand to indicate the scene as we then beheld it. "You look surprised, but I am familiar with every foot of this ground. I have lived years in this neighborhood—right over there, in fact, under the Head. This spot has, in truth, a strong fascination for me, and it was to see it once more that I made the voyage."

"You lived in this place, and liked it, years ago! How strange! It is but a wilderness still, though a pleasant one, I admit."

She gave me a playfully superior smile: "We are apt to think ourselves the discoverers of every country where we chance to be set down; and so Adam thought he was the first man on the earth, though his sons went out and found cities where they learned the arts of civilization. So birth, and love, and death, never cease to be miracles to us, notwithstanding the millions who have been born, and loved, and died, before our experience began."

"But how did it happen," I urged, unable to repress my curiosity, "that you lived here, in this place, *years ago*? That seems so strange to me."

"My parents brought me here when a little child. It is a common enough history. My mother was an enthusiast with brain, who joined her fortunes to those of an enthusiast without brain, and emigrated to this coast when it was an Indian country,

in the vain hope of doing good to the savages. They only succeeded in doing harm to themselves, and indirectly, harm to the savages also. The spirit of the man became embittered, and the mean traits of his nature asserted themselves, and wreaked their malice, as is customary with mean natures, on the nearest or most inoffensive object. My poor mother! Maternity was marred for you by fear and pain and contempt; and whatever errors your child has fallen into, were an evil inheritance that only years of suffering and discipline could eradicate."

As Mrs. Sancy pronounced the last sentence, she seemed for the moment to have forgotten my presence, and stood, looking off over the calm grey sea, with absent unrecognizing gaze. After a brief silence she turned to me with a smile: "Pardon my mental desertion. It is not good to talk of our own lives. We all become Adams again, and imagine ourselves sole in the universe."

On this hint I changed the conversation, and we returned to the hotel to lunch, after which, I saw no more of Mrs. Sancy for that day.

That afternoon, my correspondent, Mr. Kittredge arrived; and as it was bright and sunny after the fog, we took a boat, and pulled along under the alders that shade the Neah-can-a-cum. It was there that I listened to this story:

"While I was still a young man, nearly fifteen years ago, I floated on this stream, as we are doing to-day. My companion was a young girl whom I shall call Teresa. She was very young, I remember now with sorrow, and very beautiful; though *beautiful* is not so much the word to describe her as *charming* — magnetic, graceful, intelligent. A lithe, rather tall figure, a high-bred, sensitive, fine face, and pleasing manners. She seemed older than she really was, on account of her commanding physique and distinguished manner.

"I will not go over the details of our acquaintance, which ripened rapidly into love; — so I thought. This was a new country then, even more emphatically than it is now; new with the charm of novelty — not new because it had ceased to progress, as is now the case. Scattered around here within a radius of a dozen miles were half-a-dozen other young men like myself, who had emigrated to the far west, in the spirit of romantic adventure; and once here, were forced to do whatever came to our hands to gain a subsistence. I lived on a farm which I improved, keeping house quite by myself, and spending my leisure hours in study. Of course, the other young men, similarly situated, often visited me, and we usually talked over authors, or such questions of the day as we were familiar with or interested in.

"But one evening love was the theme of our conversation, and incidentally, Teresa's name was mentioned among us. I don't know who first uttered it, but I observed at once, that the faces of all three of my companions betrayed an interest too strong and too peculiar to be attributed to an ordinary acquaintanceship with the subject of our remarks. For myself, I felt my own face flushing hotly, as a horrible suspicion seized my consciousness, becoming on the instant, conviction too painful to endure.

"You, being a woman, cannot imagine the situation. I believed myself to be Teresa's accepted lover; and so, I knew intuitively, did all my three companions; their faces revealed their thoughts to me, as did mine to them. Whatever you women do in the presence of your rivals, I know not. Men rage. It is not often, either, that a man encounters more than one rival at a time. But three! — each of us poor rivals saw three rivals before him. Whatever of friendship had hitherto existed among us was forgotten in the extreme anguish of the moment, and we sat glaring

at each other in silence, with heaving chests and burning brows.

"All but Charlie Darling — darling Charlie, we used to call him — his face was deathly white, and his eyes glowed like a panther's in the dark. Yet, he was the first to recover himself. 'Boys,' said he, 'we ought not to have brought a lady's name into the discussion, but since Teresa's has been mentioned, we may as well have an understanding. I consider the young lady as engaged to me, and you will please remember that fact when you are talking of her.'

"He said it bravely, proudly, though his lip trembled a little; but he eyed us unflinchingly. No one replied for some moments. Then Tom Allen, a big, clumsy, good-hearted, but conceited fellow, lifted his eyes slowly, and answered with a hysterical laugh, 'You may be her darling, Charley, but I'll be d—d if I am not to be her husband!'

"This was the match to the powder. Charlie, myself, and Harry King, each sprang simultaneously forward, as if we meant to choke poor Tom for his words. Again Charlie was the first to use reason:

"'Hold, boys;' cried he hoarsely; 'let us take a little time to reflect. Two of us have declared ourselves to be engaged to Teresa. Let us hear if she contemplates marrying King and Kittredge, also. What do you say, King?'

"'I say yes!' thundered King, bending his black brows, and bringing down his fist on the table by which he stood.

"'And I say, I contemplate marrying her,' was my answer to Charlie's challenge.

"Charlie flung himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. The action touched some spring in our ruder natures which responded in sympathy for our favorite, and had the effect to calm us, in manner at least. I motioned the others to sit down, and addressed myself to Char-

lie Darling. 'See here, Charlie?' I said, 'it seems that Teresa has been playing us false. A girl who could be engaged to four young men at once cannot be worth the regards of any of us. Let us investigate the matter, and if she is truly guilty of such falsehood, let us one and all quit her forever without a word of explanation. What do you say? do you agree to that?'

"'How are you going to investigate?' asked Tom Allen, roughly. 'Have not we each declared that she was committed to us individually, and what more can be said?'

"'It appears incredible to me that any girl, much less a girl like Teresa, could so compromise her self-respect as to encourage four suitors, each in such a manner as that he expected to marry her. It is so strange that I cannot believe it except each man swears to his statement. Can we all swear to it?'

"I laid my little pocket-bible on the table and set the example of taking an oath to the effect that Teresa had encouraged me to believe that she meant to marry me. King and Allen followed with a similar oath. Charlie Darling was the last to take the oath; but as he did so, a gleam of gladness broke over his pale handsome face; for he could word his oath differently from ours. 'I swear before these witnesses and Almighty God,' said Charlie, 'that Teresa Bryant is my *promised wife*.'

"'That takes the wind out of our sails;' remarked Allen.

"'Do you allow other men to kiss your promised wife?' asked King, with a sneer.

"Charlie sprang at King, and had his hand on his throat in an instant; but Allen and I interfered to part them. It was no difficult matter, for Darling, excited as he was, felt the force of my observations on the quarrel. I said: 'Shall a trifling girl make us enemies, when she has so behaved that not one of us can trust

her. You, Darling, do not, cannot have confidence in her promise, after all you have this night learned. You had best accept my first suggestion, and join with the rest of us in renouncing her forever and at once.'

"That I will not;" broke out King, vehemently. 'Her word is no better than her acts, and I have as much right to her as Charlie Darling, or either of you, and I'll not give up the right to a man of you.'

"We'll have to fight a four-cornered duel," remarked Tom Allen, beginning to see the ludicrous side of the affair. 'Shall we choose up, two on a side?'

"I will withdraw my pretensions," I reiterated, 'if the others will do so, or even if King and Allen will quit the field to Charlie, who feels himself bound by Teresa's promise to him.'

"I have said I would not withdraw," replied King, sullenly. And thus we contended, hot-browed and angry-voiced, for more than an hour. Then, rough but practical Tom proposed a scheme, which was no less than to compel Teresa to decide between us. After long deliberation an agreement was entered into, and I hope I shall not shock you too much when I tell you what it was."

Kittredge paused, and looked at me doubtfully. I glanced aside at the over-hanging trees, the glints of sunshine on the bank, a brown bird among the leaves, at anything, rather than him; for he was living over again the excitement of that time, and his face was not pleasant to study. After a little waiting, I answered:

"I must know the remainder of your story, since I know so much; what did you gree upon?"

"A plan was laid by which Teresa should be confronted with her four lovers, and forced to explain her conduct. To carry out our design it was necessary to use artifice, and I was chosen as the one who should conduct the affair. I invited her to ac-

company me to a neighboring farmhouse to meet the young folks of the settlement. There was nothing unusual in this, as in those primitive times great latitude was granted to young people in their social intercourse. To mount her horse and ride several miles to a neighbor's house with a single escort, not to return until far into the night, was the common privilege of any young lady, and therefore there was no difficulty about obtaining either her consent or that of her parents to my proposition.

"We set off just at sunset, riding along the beach some distance, admiring the gorgeous western sky, the peaceful sea, and watching the sand-pipers skating out on the wet sands after every receding wave. I had never seen Teresa more beautiful, more sparkling, or more fascinating in every way; and my heart grew 'very little' as the Indians say. It was impossible to accuse her even in my thoughts, while under that bewitching influence. She was so full of life and vivacity that she did not observe the forced demeanor I wore, or if she did, had too much tact to seem to do so. As for me, guarded both by my hidden suspicions and by my promise to my friends, I uttered no word of tenderness or admiration with my tongue, whatever my eyes may have betrayed.

"The road we were going led past my house. When we were almost abreast of it I informed Teresa that there were some of our friends waiting for us there, and invited her to alight. Without suspicion she did so. — Do n't look at me that way, if you can help it. It was terribly mean of us fellows, as I see it now. It looked differently then; and we had none of us seen much of the world, and were rude in our notions of propriety.

"When she came inside of the house and saw only three men in place of the girls of her acquaintance she expected to meet, she cast

a rapid, surprised glance all round, blushed, asked, 'where are the girls?'—all in the most natural manner. There was positively nothing in her deportment to betray a guilty conscience. I recognized that, and so, I could see, did Darling. He made haste to hand her a chair, which she declined, still looking about her with a puzzled, questioning air. I was getting nervous already over my share in the business, and so plunged at once into explanation.

"'Teresa,' I said, 'we four fellows have made a singular discovery, recently, to the effect that we each believed himself to be your accepted lover. We have met together to hear your explanation. Is there a man in the house you are engaged to?'

"She gave one quick, scrutinizing glance at our faces and read in them that we were in earnest. Indeed, the scene would have given scope to the genius of a Hogarth. Alternated and white chased each other in quick succession over her brow, cheeks, neck. Her eyes scintillated, and her chest heaved.

"'Please answer us, Teresa,' said Darling, after a most painful silence of a minute, which seemed an hour.

"She raised her flashing eyes to his, and her tones seemed to stab him as she uttered, '*You?* you too?' Then gathering up her riding-skirt, she made haste to leave us, but found the door guarded by Tom Allen. When she saw that she was really a prisoner among us, alarm seized her, and woman-like, she began to cry, but not passionately or humbly. Her spirit was still equal to the occasion, and she faced us with the tears running over her cheeks.

"'If there is a man among you with a spark of honor, open this door! Mr. Kittredge, this is your house. Allow me to ask if I am to be retained a prisoner in it, or what you expect to gain by my forcible detention?'

"Tom Allen whispered something unheard by any save her, and she

struck at him with her riding-whip. This caused both Darling and myself to interpose, and I turned door-keeper while Allen retreated to the other side of the room with rather a higher color than usual on his lumpish face. All this while—not a long while, at all—King had remained in sullen silence, scowling at the proceedings. At this juncture, however, he spoke:

"'Boys,' said he, 'this joke has gone far enough, and if you will permit us to take our leave, I will see Miss Bryant safe home.'

"Involuntarily she turned toward the only one who proffered help; but Darling and I were too angry at the ruse to allow him to succeed, and stood our ground by the door. 'You see, Teresa, how it is,' continued King, glancing at us defiantly: 'these fellows mean to keep you a prisoner in this house until they make you do and say as they please.'

"'What is it you wish me to do and say?' asked Teresa, with forced composure.

"'We wish you to state,' said I, hoarsely, 'whether or not you are or have been engaged to either of us. We want you to say it because we are all candidates for your favor, and because there is a dispute among us as to whose claim is the strongest. It will put an end to our quarrel, and secure to you the instant return of your liberty, if you will declare the truth.'

"At that she sank down on a chair and covered her face with her hands. After a little time she gathered courage and looked up at Darling and me. I observed, even then, that she took no notice of the others. 'If I am promised to either of you, you know it. But this I say now: if I were a hundred times promised, I would break that promise after such insult as you have all offered me this evening. Let me go!'

"What Charlie Darling suffered all through the interview had been patent to each one of us. When she deliv-

ered his sentence in tones so determined, a cry that was a groan escaped his colorless lips. To say that I did not write under her just scorn would be false. Tears, few, but hot and bitter, blinded my eyes. She took no further notice of any of us, but sat waiting for her release.

"You know by this time," I said, "that you had been deceived?"

"I felt by this time that I had been a fool—a poor, coarse fool; that there had been treachery somewhere; and that all together we were a villainous lot. I was only hesitating about how to get out of the scrape decently, when Darling spoke in a voice that was hardly recognizable:

"Teresa, we were engaged; I told these others so before; but they would not believe me. On the contrary, each one claims to have received such encouragement from you as to entitle him to be considered your favored lover. Hard as it was for me to believe such falsehood possible to you, two of these claimants insisted upon their rights against mine, and they over-ruled my judgment and wishes to such a degree that I consented to this trial for you. It has resulted in nothing except shame to us and annoyance to you. I beg your pardon. More I will not say to-night."

"Then she rose up and faced us all again with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. 'If any other man says I have given him a promise or anything amounting to a promise, he lies. To Tom Allen I have always been friendly, and have romped with him at our little parties; but to-night he grossly insulted me, and I will never speak to him again. As to Harry King, I was friendly with him, too, until about a fortnight ago he presumed to kiss me rudely in spite of resistance, since which time I have barely recognized him. If Mr. Kittredge says I have made him any promises, he is unworthy of the great respect I have always had for him;' and with that last word she broke down, and sobbed as if her

heart would break. But it was only for a few minutes that she cried—she was herself again before we had recovered our composure.

"What was it Tom Allen said to you?" asked Charlie, when her tears were dried.

"He said *he* would have me, if the rest did cast me off. 'Thank you,' with a mocking courtesy to Allen. 'It is fortunate for you—and for you all, that I have no "big brother."'

"I beg you will believe no "big brother" could add to my punishment," Charlie answered; and I felt included in the confession. Then he offered to see her home without more delay, but she declined any escort whatever, only requesting us to remain where we were until she had been gone half an hour; and rode off into the moonlight and solitude unattended, with what feelings in her heart God knows. We all watched her until she was hidden from sight by the shadows of a grove of pines, and I still remember the shudder with which I saw her plunge recklessly into the gloom—manlike, careful about her beautiful body, and not regarding her tender girl heart."

"That must have been a pleasant half hour for you," I could not help remarking.

"Pleasant! yes; we were like a lot of devils chained. That night dissolved all friendships between any two of us, except between Darling and me; and *that* could never be quite the same again, for had I not shown him that I believed myself a favored rival? though I afterwards pretended to impute my belief to vanity."

"How did you account to *yourself* for the delusion? Had she not flirted, as it is called, with you?"

"She had certainly caused me to be deluded, innocently or otherwise, into a belief that she regarded me with peculiar favor; and I had been accustomed to take certain little liberties with her, which probably seemed of far greater importance to me than

they did to her; for her passional nature was hardly yet awakened, and among our primitive society there was no great restraint upon any innocent familiarities."

"What became of her after that night?—did she marry, Darling?"

The answer did not come at once. Thought and feeling were with the past; and I could not bring myself to intrude the present upon it, but busied myself with the leaves, and vines, and mosses that I had snatched from the banks in passing, while my friend was absorbed in his silent reminiscences.

"You have not heard the saddest part of the story yet," he said at last, slowly and reluctantly. "She kept her word with each of us; ignoring Allen and King entirely; and only vouchsafing a passing word to Charlie and me. Poor Charlie was broken-hearted. He had never been strong, and now he was weak, ill;—in short, fell into a decline, and died in the following year."

"Did the story never get out?"

"Not the true story. That scoundrel King spread a rumor abroad which caused much mischief, and was most cruel after what we had done to outrage her feelings in the first instance; but that was his revenge for her slight—I never knew whether she regretted Darling or not. She was so sensitive and wilfully proud that she would have died herself sooner than betray a regret for anyone who had offended her. Her mother died, and her father took her away with him to the Sandwich Islands. It was said he was not kind to her, especially after her 'disgrace,' as he called it."

"She never forgave you? What do you know about her subsequent history?"

"Nothing of it. But she had her revenge for what went before. After she went to the Islands I wrote her a very full and perfect confession of my fault, and the extenuating circumstances, and offered her my love, with the

assurance that it had always been hers. What do you think she wrote me in return? Only this: that once she *had* loved me; that she had but just made the discovery that she loved me, and not Charlie Darling, when we mutually insulted her as we did, and forced her to discard both of us; for which she was not now sorry."

"After all, she was not an angel," I said, laughing lightly, to his embarrassment.

"But to think of using a girl of sixteen like that!"

"You are in a self-accusing mood to-day. Let us talk of our neighbors. Bad as that practice is, I believe it is better than talking about ourselves:—Mrs. Sancy thinks so, I know."

"Who is Mrs. Sancy?"

"I will introduce you to-morrow."

Next to being principal in a romantic *affaire de cœur* is the excitement of being an interested third party. In consonance with this belief I laid awake most of the night imagining the possible and probable "conclusion of the whole matter." I never doubted that Mrs. Sancy was Teresa, nor that she was more fascinating at thirty-one than she had been at sixteen: but fifteen years work great changes in the intellectual and moral person, and much as I desired to play the part of Fate in bringing these two people together, I was very doubtful about the result. But I need not have troubled myself to assume the prerogative of Fate, which by choosing its own instruments saved me all responsibility in the matter.

As Mr. Kittredge messed with a party of military officers, and was off on an early excursion to unknown localities, I saw nothing of him the following morning. We were to ride on the beach after lunch, retuning on the turn of the tide to see the bathers. Therefore no opportunity seemed likely to present itself before evening for the promised introduction.

The afternoon proved fine, and we

were cantering gaily along in the fresh breeze and sunshine, when another party appeared, advancing from the opposite direction, whom I knew to be Mrs. Sancy, her little daughter Isabelle, and the Kanaka servant. The child and servant were galloping hard, and passed us with a rush. But the lady seemed in a quieter mood, riding easily and carelessly, with an air of preoccupation. Suddenly she too gave her horse whip and rein, and as she dashed pass I heard her exclaim, "The quicksands! the quicksands!"

Instinctively we drew rein, turned, and followed. We rode hard for a few minutes, without overtaking her; then slackened our speed on seeing her come up with the child, and arrest the race which had so alarmed her.

"There are no quicksands in this direction;" was the first remark of Kittredge when we could speak.

"What should make her think so?"

"There *were* quicksands there a number of years ago, and by her manner she must have known it then."

"And by the same token," I replied, "she cannot have been here since the change."

"Who is she!"

"My friend, Mrs. Sancy."

"Where is she from?"

"From the quicksands;" I replied evasively, as I saw the lady approaching us.

"I fear you have shared my ffight," she said, as soon as she came within speaking distance. "When I used to be familiar with these sands there was a dangerous spot out there; but I perceive time has effaced it, as he does so many things;" smiling, and bowing to my escort.

"There are some things time never effaces, even from the sands," returned Kittredge, growing visibly pale.

"That is contrary to the poets," laughingly she rejoined; "but I believe the poets have been superseded

by the scientists, who prove everything for you by a fossil."

I could not help watching her to learn how much or how little recognition there was in her face. The color came and went, I could perceive; but whether with doubt or certainty I could not determine. I felt I ought to introduce them, but shrunk from helping on the denouement in that way. In my embarrassment I said nothing. We were now approaching the vicinity of the bathing-houses, and seeing the visitors collecting for the bath, an excuse was furnished for quickening our paces. Mrs. Sancy bowed and left us. Mr. Kittredge seemed to have lost the power of speech.

Fifteen minutes after I was sitting on some drift-wood, watching the pranks of the gayest of the crowd as they "jumped the rollers," when Mrs. Sancy came out of a dressing-room, followed by her Kanaka with a surf-board. Her bathing-dress was very jaunty and becoming, and her skill as a swimmer drew to her a great deal of attention. To swim out and float in on the rollers seemed to be to her no more of a feat than it would be to a sea-gull, she did it so easily and gracefully. But to-day something went wrong with her. Either she was too warm from riding, or her circulation was disturbed by the meeting with Kittredge, or both; at all events the second time she swam out she failed to return. The board slipped away from her, and she sank out of sight.

While I gazed horror-stricken, scarce understanding what had taken place, a man rushed past me in his bathing clothes, running out to where the water was deep enough to float him and striking out rapidly from there. I could not recognize him in that dress, but I knew it was Kittredge. Fate had sent him. The incoming tide kept her where she sank, and he soon brought her to the surface and through the surf to the beach. I

spread my cloak on the sand, and, wrapping her in it, began rubbing and rolling her, with the assistance of other ladies, for resuscitation from drowning.

In three minutes more Kittredge was kneeling by my side with a brandy-flask, administering its contents drop by drop, and giving orders. "It is congestion," said he. "You must rub her chest, her back, her hands and feet; so, so. She will die in your hands if you are not quick. For God's sake, work fast!"

By his presence of mind she was saved as by a miracle. When she was removed to her lodgings, and able to converse, she asked me who it was had rescued her.

"Mr. Kittredge," I said.

"The same I met on the beach?"

"The same."

She smiled in a faint, half-dreaming way, and turned away her face. She thought I did not know her secret.

I am not going to let my hero take advantage of the first emotion of gratitude after a service, to mention his wishes in, as many story-tellers do. I consider it a mean advantage; besides, Mr. Kittredge did not do it. In fact he absented himself for a week. When he returned I introduced him formally to Mrs. Sancy, and we three walked together down to the beach, and seated ourselves on a

white old cottonwood that had floated out of the Columbia river, and been cast by the high tides of winter above the shelving sands.

We were rather a silent party for a few minutes. In his abstraction, Mr. Kittredge reached down and traced a name in the sand with the point of my parasol stick—

TERESA.

Then, seeing the letters staring at him, he looked up at her and said, "I could not brush them out if I would. Time has failed to do that." Her gaze wandered away, out to sea, up toward the Capes, down toward the Head; and a delicate color grew upon her cheek. "It has scarcely changed in fifteen years," she said. "I did not count on finding all things the same."

With that I made a pretence of leaving them, to seek shells along the beach; for I knew that fate could no longer be averted. When I returned she was aware that I possessed the secret of both, and she smiled upon me a recognition of my right to be pleased with what I saw; what I beheld, seeming the prelude to a happy marriage. That night I wrote in my diary, after some comments on my relations with Mr. Kittredge,—

"It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

Mrs. F. F. VICTOR.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

AT LAST: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. With illustrations. London and New York: MacMillan & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

In the title "At Last," Mr. Kingsley gracefully suggests the eager pleasure with which he reports the accomplishment of his life's dream, a sight of that tropical luxuriance which he has all his life been transferring to his delightful books. It is a sort of *apologia pro vita sua*—that is of his literary style,—and the justification is ample. Nothing can be more sober than his narration of what he saw, and yet the very report is intoxicating and delightful beyond measure. Nowhere else can one find such a condensed array of the charms of British West Indian life, of the rank and joyous existence which blooms and shines in the hot and moist air of those islands.

But this picture of tropical luxuriance is the least merit of the book; it is crammed with information on nearly every subject, from the habits of crabs to the public schools for the negroes; from Mangrove swamps to Coolie immigrations. Mr. Kingsley is something of a naturalist, no mean geologist, a moralist by profession, and a lover of natural beauty by instinct. For this special task he appears to have faithfully consulted all means of knowledge and to have used his learning with excellent discernment and discretion. The book is at once Charles Kingsley's Christmas Carol, and a repertory of facts about the most fascinating region of the globe.

The fullness of vegetable life is so overpowering to the imagination, that, after some effort to realize it, the reviewer turns from nature to man, who shows on no mean scale in the West Indies. Half the races of the world are there, and in their union into one new race some of our largest anthropological questions are involved.

Take a scene at a small port of a small island where the coasting steamer stops at night to exchange passengers and cargo:

"It is always worth the trouble to tumble upon deck, not merely for the show, but for the episodes of West Indian life and manners, which, quaint enough by day, are sure to be even more quaint at night, in the confusion and bustle of the darkness. One such I witnessed in that same harbor of Grenada, not easily to be forgotten.

"A tall and very handsome middle-aged brown woman, in a limp print gown and a gorgeous turban, stood at the gangway in a glare of light, which made her look like some splendid witch by a Walpurgis night-fire. 'Tell your boatman to go round to the other side,' quoth the officer in charge.

'Fanqua! (Francois.) You go round oder side of de ship.'

Fanqua, who seemed to be her son, being sleepy, tipsy, stupid, or lazy, did not stir.

'Fanqua! You hear what de officer say? You go round.'

No move.

'Fanqua! You not ashamed of yourself? You not hear de officer say he turn a steam pipe over you?'

No move.

'Fanqua!' (authoritative.)

'Fanqua!' (indignant.)

'Fanqua!' (argumentative.)

'Fanqua!' (astonished.)

'Fanqua!' (majestic.)

'Fanqua!' (confidentially alluring.)

'Fanqua!' (regretful.)

And so on through every conceivable tone of expression.

"But Fanqua did not move; and the officers and bystanders laughed.

"She summoned all her talents, and uttered one last 'Fanqua!' which was a triumph of her art.

"Shame and surprise were blended in her voice with tenderness and pity, and they again with meek despair. To have been betrayed, disgraced, and so unexpectedly, by one whom she loved, and must still love, in spite of this, his fearful fall! It was more than heart could bear. Breathing his name but that once more, she stood a moment, like a queen of tragedy, one long arm drawing her garments round her, the other outstretched as if to cast off—had she the heart to do it—the rebel, and then stalked away into the darkness of the paddle-boxes, forever and a day to brood speechless over her great sorrow? Not in the least. To begin chattering away to her acquaintances as if no Fanqua existed in the world. It was a piece of admirable play-acting; and was meant to be.

She had been conscious all the while that she was the object of attention, perhaps of admiration, to a group of men; and she knew what was right to be said and done under the circumstances, and did it perfectly, even to the smallest change of voice."

Mr. Kingsley believes in the human possibilities of these islands, and gives many facts to support his enthusiastic faith. He finds a Scotsman living "the gentle life" in happy content upon Monos, and asks:

"Why do not other people copy this wise Scot?
* * * It is not true that the climate is enervating. It is not true that nature is here too strong for man. [Shades of Buckle!] I have seen enough in Trinidad. I saw enough even in little Monos to be able to deny that; and to say that in the West Indies, as elsewhere, a young man can be pure, able, high-minded, athletic; and I see no reason why a woman should not be likewise all that she heed be."

The Hindoo coolies are, perhaps, the most interesting human object in a West Indian landscape. Representatives of the oldest civilization, set over against and sharply antagonizing the youngest (the Africans), these peasant philosophers contrast not less strongly with the barbaric luxuriance of nature. A study of them fills one with a new respect for the culture of the East, nay, even with an awe of humanity which can grow so large and strong under the least kindly touches of centuries of age:

"One saw in a moment that one was among ladies and gentlemen. The dress of many of the men was naught but a scarf wrapped round the loins; that of the women naught but the longer scarf which the Hindoo woman contrives to arrange in a most graceful, as well as perfectly modest covering even for her head and feet. These garments, and perhaps a brass pot, were probably all the worldly goods of most of them just then. But every attitude, gesture, tone, was full of grace; of ease, courtesy, self-restraint, dignity — of that 'sweetness and light,' at least in externals, which Mr. Matthew Arnold desiderates. I am well aware that these people are not perfect; that like most heathen folks, and some Christian, their morals are by no means spotless, their passions by no means trampled out. But they have acquired — let Hindoo scholars say how and where — a civilization which shows in them all day long; which draws the European to them and them to the European, whenever the latter is worthy of the name of a civilized man, instinctively and by the mere interchange of glances."

Half our troubles in India and China grow out of the fact that many of our travellers, merchants, officials and missionaries, are not worthy of the name of civil-

ized men. If we could contrive to send only gentlemen, as good gentlemen as the lowest peasantry of India and China actually are, how much more rapidly could we give them our gains in civilization!

The negro, on the other hand, is seen here in his native barbarism; clinging to his Obeah or Fetish worship in religion, an untamed brute in his manners and his passions, he is so little lovely in his character and life that even so good an abolitionist as Mr. Kingsley cannot conceal his disgust. The six thousand (at least) years of civilization which lie between the Hindoo and the Negro can be bridged over only by amalgamation; and that seems not likely to come about by direct union, for the former is intensely disgusted with the negro man, and especially nauseated by the coarse manners of the negress. But all those races are destined to fusion, and the indirect way through unions of Negroes and Hindoos with Europeans and Indians is the probable pathway which will actually lead these oldest and youngest men to each other, to oneness. To one race they must come, are coming. On these islands it is impossible that any one of these peoples can long remain distinct. There is a compound pressure of all social, commercial, industrial, and political forces, crushing them together; and a century or two will efface the distinction that now exists. Dr. King would bid us despair of any result but barbarism or extinction; but we are disposed to hope with Kingsley that a nobler race will come forth of this experiment and subjugate this tropic wilderness to the service of a nobler civilization.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS: By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

There are, doubtless, many people who have sneered at this new writer and the sensation created by his *début* in England, without really knowing or waiting to know whether he was possessed of the genius ascribed to him by the London press. Such of these as are not so morbidly prejudiced as to forbear opening the volume entitled "Songs of the Sierras," will repent their hasty condemnation. The

book is a valuable addition to our literature—all the more valuable from the time and manner of its coming to us.

Our poetry is in danger of becoming too artificial. Our finest poets are literary recluses, and their productions are, therefore, more the effect of scholarly meditation than of genuine inspiration. It is on this account that they are not enough appreciated by the mass of reading humanity, who have given their stamp of approval to a certain lower class of literary *fungi* scarce worthy of a place in the garden of poetry. We welcome, therefore, anything which may serve to rectify the public taste; and the present volume contains much poetry which, though not of the highest order, is yet vivid enough to be appreciated by every one. "Songs of the Sierras" cannot be compared to any other book of poems that we have seen. It stands apart from all others on a ground of its own; and even when there are slight resemblances to other poetry, they are known to be coincidences and not imitations.

The originality of the ten poems contained in this volume is the point that strikes the reader at the first line and claims his admiration to the last,—an originality not so much, perhaps, in the thought as in the expression. The verses run along like a fast-flowing stream, sometimes scarcely a pace in width, and again broad and deep as a river. See how the poet commences the first poem in the volume, entitled "Arizonian":

"And I have said, and I say it ever,
As the years go on and the world goes over,
'Twere better to be content and clever
In tending of cattle and tossing of clover,
In the grazing of cattle and the growing of grain,
Than a strong man striving for fame or gain.
Be even as kine in the red-tipp'd clover;
For they lie down and their rests are rests,
And the days are theirs, come sun, come rain,
To lie, rise up, and repose again;
While we do wish, yearn, and do pray in vain,
And hope to ride on the billows of bosoms,
And hope to rest in the haven of breasts,
Till the heart is sickened and the fair hope dead."

There is an ease and a power combined with a novelty of expression in the lines that show how little the poet was dependent upon other sources than himself for inspiration. The lines quoted represent the lapse of the verse better than it could

possibly be described. Some passages have more power, some more beauty, and many more thought, but all have the peculiar rhythmical swing that marks the first line of the volume.

Besides this we notice in the poet a striking talent of description. The book abounds in passages that are the finest kind of word paintings. Mr. Miller, having lived from childhood among the grandest scenery of the world, that of the California mountains and forests, has acquired the rare faculty of rendering in words the varied panorama of Nature. Certainly a more distinct picture could not be displayed on canvas than the following description of a coming storm:

"I lay in my hammock; the air was heavy
And hot and threatening; the very heaven
Was holding its wrath; and bees in a bevy
Hid under my thatch; and birds were driven
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr
As I peered down by the path for her."

But it is not only in descriptions of nature that Miller excels. It is in emotional poetry that he is most at home. For instance, in "Walker in Nicaragua," he says:

"O passion - tossed and bleeding past,
Part now, part well, part wide apart,
As ever ships on ocean slid
Down, down the sea, hull, sail, and mast;
And in the album of my heart
Let hide the pictures of your face,
With other pictures in their place,
Slid over like a coffin's lid."

Throughout the book there is a passionate undercurrent that impresses the reader even when the surface is in apparent repose. Accordingly he is not surprised when the poet breaks out as follows:

"O tempest - toss'd sea of white bosoms,
O breasts with demands and desires,
O hearts filled of fevers and fires
Reaching forth from the tangible blossoms,
Reaching far for impossible things,
Beat not, O break not your warm wings
On the cold cruel bars any more.
Lo! the sea, the great sea has his shore,
And lies in his limit; the moon
Has her night, and the sun has his noon."

"Leaves fade and the frosts are before us;
Leaves fall, and the winter winds are;
Loves fail! Let us cross and deplore us;
Loves die! Lift your hands as at war;
Lift your hands to the world and deny it;
Lift your voice, cry aloud, and deny;
Cry aloud 'Tis a lie!' and belie it,
With lives made a beautiful lie."

To tell the truth, those passages which are most fervid seem to us really the least original of his writings. That which we have quoted above is remarkably like some of Swinburne's poetry. When we consider, however, that Miller had never read or even heard of Swinburne before his acquaintance with him in England, we cannot accuse him of imitation.

Of the ten poems entitled "Arizonian," "With Walker in Nicaragua," "Californian," "The Last Taschastas," "Ina," "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," "Kit Carson's Ride," "Burns and Byron," "Myrrh," and "Even So," we would give the preference to "With Walker in Nicaragua." The different excellences of the poet seem to combine most therein.

There is one grave defect in this poetry which we must notice. In all of the poems, except the last two or three, there is a female whose principal duty seems to be to worship the hero, whoever he may happen to be, and perish for him in order to give a good round-out to the poem. Six times she dies in divers manners, and every time without a murmur. The poet's ideal of women seems to be a rather indefinite, and, we may say, absurd one. But then, we can forgive weaknesses like this in the really great excellences of the poems. Mr. Miller confesses that they were written hastily. Perhaps if he had been more critical and elaborate in their production, we would not have liked them so well.

BUNDLING: its Origin, Progress, and Decline in America. By Henry Reed Stiles, M.D., author of "History of Brooklyn," "History of Windsor, Connecticut," etc. Albany: Knickerbocker Publishing Company. (Western News Company, Chicago.)

Bundling was doubtless an innocent form of "sparking," introduced into this country from several European countries independently, and dying, as all the sweet rural simplicities are doomed to die, of the "cussedness" of human nature. There is plenty of proof that it existed for a long time in ages of less refinement, but not less virtue, than our own, without serious detriment to morals. So long as both

sexes were equally innocent, no "consequences" attended their courting, beyond, perhaps, more speedy marriages; but when the young men learned vice in the camps of war and returned to rural life wiser than the maids who had remained at home, bundling became such a danger as "sparking" has more recently become or is becoming through like causes. During the last five years cautious parents have not turned their girls loose with brave soldier boys, and many a fall and grief have come to the careless mothers who keep to the old ways.

The curious in social history will find this little book worth reading. The notion that any particular body is responsible for the custom, or that any family escutcheons are smirched by it, is a very small notion of small heads. The practice fell, about as soon as it became dangerous, into disuse, except in rare rural communities; and people who dwell in towns have the least possible right to declaim against the manners of the country.

WHEN AND HOW: or a Collection of the More Recent Facts and Ideas upon Raising Healthy Children. By Dan Newcomb, M.D. Chicago: The Lakeside Publishing and Printing Company.

It has been a cause of frequent remark by foreigners that our people, though tolerably instructed in matters pertaining to literature, commerce, and the other subjects with which men are apt to meddle, are strangely unacquainted with the laws of physical health. This fact arises more from carelessness than from a lack of means for their acquirement, for the last decade has produced a larger number of sound medical works than have been published during the whole preceding portion of our nation's existence. So long, however, as there is a lack of proper attention on the part of the people to subjects so nearly related to their welfare, so long will there be a rich field for works like "When and How." The author does not seem to claim any new method in treatment. The book is a statement of general hygienic principles in an easy and practical style that will commend it to the majority of readers who have no taste for the bulky

and technical volumes that make up the mass of medical literature. Of its eight chapters, the first treats of the importance of hygienic information to parents upon whom devolves the care of off-spring. In the second are given the minutiae of physical inheritance. Chapter third notices the effects of breathing pure and impure air. The fourth and fifth chapters are devoted to foods, and develop the point that healthy children should only be denied when the appetite is vitiated. "Clothing and Cleanliness," "Activity and Exercise," are the subjects of the next two chapters, which are full of facts and illustrations showing how best to develop physical vigor. The last chapter upon "Sleep" follows Hammond as to its causes and the benefits accruing therefrom.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE DECAMERON: or Ten Days' Entertainment of Boccaccio. To be completed in ten monthly parts. Profusely illustrated. Part I. Toronto: The Canadian Bureau of Illustration. (Western News Company, Chicago.)

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Charles Reade, author of "Put Yourself in his Place," etc. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

FOR LACK OF GOLD. A Novel. By Charles Gibbon. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Western News Co., Chicago.)

THE LITTLE CLOISTER RUIN. A Narrative. By William Redenbacher. Translated from the German, by Rev. J. Oswald, D.D. Philadelphia: Lutheran Board of Publication. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

GAMOSAGAMMON; or, Hints on Hymen. For the use of Parties about to Connubialize. By the Hon. Hugh Rowley. New York: The American News Company. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. A Book for Girls. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Mildred," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

AGATHA'S HUSBAND. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

KING ARTHUR: A poem by Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton). Revised edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. A Companion to "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

SARCHEDON. A Legend of the Great Queen. By G. J. Whyte Melville. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Western News Co., Chicago.)

MY HEROINE. A Story. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

CHIT-CHAT.

— A CORRESPONDENT writes: I suppose the Chit-Chatter of THE LAKESIDE feels that he has accomplished a good deal when he gets the half-dozen pages of each month in the hands of the printer. Well, it is something in the way of work, probably, as it certainly is a great deal in the way of amusement and thought-incentive to me, for one, of THE LAKESIDE's readers. Still, I would just have you compare your task with the Herculean labor of getting up a "Book of 1400 Conundrums," such as I have before me (having but just now escaped from a railroad ride)! How would you fancy the job, Mr. Chit-Chatter, of getting up, or even of collecting, 1400 conundrums? And yet, perhaps the job is not as difficult as you imagine. In the first place, you will not, when handling conundrums by the round hundred, be quite as fastidious about the quality of each individual as you would in supplying only a small lot of jokes for a private family, for instance; and if a few of the answers get misplaced and fitted upon the wrong question, I suppose it is no killing matter (and certainly it would be no laughing matter) in a round lot of fourteen hundred. Then there is nothing like knowing how to go to work at this joke business. With the apparatus once set up and lubricated, I suppose it is a mere matter of muscle to grind out a few dozen assorted puns — single, double, equivocal, unequivocal, plain and mixed (*i. e.*, requiring typographical elucidation). Thus, I find among the easier problems in this book (for they seem to be progressively arranged, like algebra,) such simple ones as these:

"When is a cigar like a shoulder of pork?"

"Answer. When it is smoked."

Now I had not incubated on that subject twenty minutes before I had another one just as fresh and just as funny constructed upon the same model. It was:

"When is a cigar like a *ham* of pork?"

The answer you may not be able to see. It is, "When it is smoked." Ha! ha! Don't you see? Cigars and hams are both smoked. Many changes can be rung on *cigar* and *smoke*, as by substituting herring, halibut, bear - meat, venison, etc., for the shoulder of pork. Then follows "When is a cigar like a house, or like a \$4 edition of Walt Whitman's poetry?" etc., etc. Answer: "When it is burnt up, or when it is not burnt up," according to the pleasure of the joker.

There is another class of conundrums which the wholesale manufacturer has to turn out with his round lots — like this:

"When does an eagle turn carpenter?"

"When he soars (saws) across the woods and planes (plains)."

This is an imported conundrum, of a class which is in great favor in England. In fact, it requires the languid pronunciation of the London swell to make visible — or rather, audible — the resemblance between *soars* and *saws*. But conundrums are one of the commodities which it does n't pay to import; and perhaps this is the reason why we have no protective duty on conundrums.

And there is yet another class of these useful articles to which I wish to call your admiring attention. The following are specimens of it:

"What," inquires the astute and far-reaching (as well as far-fetching) joker "is the difference between dividing your hair in the dark through not having time to wait for candles, and a man's running in debt to send his visitors away contented?"

Not to rack your brains needlessly, or distract with a too - consuming curiosity, I hasten to append the true answer:

"The former is the parting guessed owing to speed and the latter is owing to speed the parting guest."

Such jokes are occasionally borrowed by the funny men of the minstrel troupes;

and one of this length, bandied from Bones to Tambourine and from each to the Middle man, with the manifold repetitions which are practiced among the knights of the carbonized cork, may be made to string out through an entire evening. But I hasten to give you one more example from the book of 1400. The querist queries:

"Why will seeing a schoolboy being thoroughly well switched bring to your lips the same exclamation (here the parties to the debate will pause for breath) the same exclamation as seeing a man lift down half a pig hanging from a hook?"

Answer. Because he's a pork reacher (poor creature)."

Perhaps it will be well to take breath again at this point. It will be seen that the great genius apparently required in the building of these conundrums goes chiefly into the question. The answer is a very simple little affair; but the question is something for a Newton to perspire over. Nevertheless, I believe such conundrums to be within the reach of people of not very extraordinary intellect. Coolness, courage, patience, and plenty of white paper, are the only indispensable requisites. Thus, having fixed upon what our answer is to be, we will proceed, quite at our leisure, as follows:

Why (now this *why* is the first step to the riddle; and how many times we have heard that the most difficult part of an undertaking is in taking the first step! Accordingly we proceed boldly) — Why —; but now I think of it, I won't begin with "why." I'll begin with "What is the difference?" That is more scientific, because it is analytical, while the other is synthetical. *What, then, is the difference* between a man with a chocolate-colored wig striving with a deaf and dumb boy for the privilege of leaping off the dock to rescue a poodle dog from drowning, in a high wind, while the lady who owns the dog goes into hysterics on three bales of Sea Island cotton — what is the difference between these and a Brazilian monkey chased around a cider mill by a tall boy who has just recovered from the measles, which he caught while endeavoring, at school, to extract the square root of three

millions four hundred and ninety-eight thousand six hundred and forty-two; — what, I demand, is the difference between all this and all that?

This will probably puzzle your company pretty seriously. Indeed, I have known whole wards of an insane asylum to be filled with intellects ruined in the attempt to guess this conundrum. The answer is best shown by the use of a diagram — thus:

All th { is
 { at,

wherein you see at a glance the difference between *all this* and *all that*!

I trust the Chit-Chatteer sees by this time that I understand this business. Perhaps he has also concluded to order a few hundred choice jokes from the samples which I have furnished. If so, I must inform him, to avoid misunderstanding, that jokes of the class of the last three exhibited are not furnished by the hundred, but by the yard. So the sharp bargain which you had perhaps thought to drive with me is not feasible.

— P. GREEN complains that THE LAKE-SIDE does not devote a due space to matters of domestic economy. He says he has been of a domestico-economical turn of late, and likes to read copious extracts from the cookery books in his newspapers. He sends us a few choice receipts to make a beginning with:

To Bake and Boil Beans. — They should be shelled a couple of years before using, in order to give them time to become hardened to their fate. Then they should be taken and baked thoroughly, that is, until quite soft and pulpy. They should then be parboiled, though ma boils them oftener. Beans prepared in this way with fat pork are highly prized by the *elite*; though they are not, of course, so rich as the real castor bean. *Nota beaney* — all well-regulated families remove the pods before cooking beans in this manner.

To Prepare Cucumbers for Eating. — First catch your cucumbers. Cool them off on the ice, then pare and slice, and eat in a trice; with condiments enough to suffice, when thus prepared, they are very nice, but are liable to induce cholera mor-

bus. The last clause is not, like the rest, rhyme, but it's reason; and one proportion of truth and two of poetry make, like cucumbers and onions, a good salad. Speaking of cholera morbus, there's nothing like nice unripe cherries to produce it in my system. These powerful little agents, taken on an empty stomach, will produce pain at the rate of twenty gripes per cherry.

Another Way.—Those who apprehend unfavorable effects from raw cucumbers (and, by the way, they are no worse than the most of the fruits and green vegetables which we get in the city markets,) can avoid all danger by boiling them in a bright tin, or porcelain kettle; with a little saleratus in the water. When done tender, they should be mashed through a colander. You will not want to eat them, but they may, perhaps, be palmed off on young infants. If not, try the hogs.

To Cook Turnips.—Cut off the top of the plant and give it to the poor. This noble act of charity will give an added zest to your meal, and turnips, it should be mentioned, require a good deal of zest. Boil in a moist kettle, pot, or stew-pan until they are tender. This can be ascertained by consulting the hour glass and inserting a fork in the turnip. (*N. B.* A one-tined fork will answer, if no other is obtainable.) Serve to the boarders, preceded by an extract from some book on hygiene—chapter referring to necessity of coarse vegetables, to distend the stomach.

Turnips may be baked, instead of boiled. Sweet potatoes are a good substitute for the turnip prepared by the latter method.

Carrot Pie.—Some may scoff at this idea, yet I find it in several economical cook-books. My way is to boil the carrots, strain them through a sieve, and mix with milk, ginger, and other vegetables. Roll your under crusts and spread them. Have by some custard mixture (eggs, milk and sugar) and fill the crusts with this, leaving the carrot preparation for some other time. When baked, they will be found excellent.

Best Minute Puddings.—Prepare a pudding of rice or bread, with stoned raisins. Pour into individual salt cells or

thimbles, and bake in a warm oven. They will be as minute as any puddings you ever saw. Hence the name, minute pudding. To provide against too great disappointment of the children, caused by getting no raisins in theirs, several puddings should be baked, composed entirely of raisins.

Blanc Mange of Isinglass.—This can be had, in the summer time, by taking the isinglass windows out of the parlor stoves, and boiling them in a quart of milk. Season with rose leaves, and it will probably be the blankest mange you ever experienced. The same glass will survive several boilings.

To keep Eggs for years.—The process is very simple. Mix a little dairy lime and unslacked salt with water, and place the eggs carefully in the mixture. The longer you keep them thus, the more you will feel like keeping them.

"To extract Rancidity from Butter."—The following, with the above head, I take from a popular work on cookery. It lets out an important boarding-house secret: "Take a small quantity that is wanted for immediate use. For a pound of the butter dissolve a couple of teaspoonsful of saleratus in a quart of boiling water, put in the butter, mix it well with the saleratus water, and let it remain till cold; and then take it off carefully, and and work a tea-spoonful of salt into it."

And I may add as a hint toward the more effective enforcement of this recipe, that, in case the boarders refuse to swallow this reconstructed butter, the proper procedure is to get them declared in a state of insurrection and enforce the Ku-Klux act. As soon as the butter is taken down, a writ of *ne exeat* should be served upon it.

—AN ARMY officer of distinction sends us from the frontier the following tough one on tape-worms. "Eleven hours" is, as Truthful James would say, "coming it strong;" yet we suppose the story is made as mild as will do, to obtain currency in New Mexico:

"As tape worms seem to be on the tapis about this time, and there are several valuable remedies afloat, it may be well to

tell how a man was cured of a tape-worm in New Mexico. It appears that he was taken prisoner by the Apache Indians, and a consultation was held as to what death by torture he should undergo. It was finally decided that he should be disembowelled; the magnanimous Apaches having, perhaps, commuted his sentence to this light penalty, out of compliment to the Peace Commission.

"The man was taken to a tree, an incision made in his abdomen, and a portion of his intestines tied to the tree. He was then driven rapidly around the tree, and in this way gradually disembowelled. He ran round, and round, and round, but still he did not fall dead, much to the surprise of the Indians, who were greatly shocked. He was kept on this way for eleven hours, when the Indians uttered a war whoop and ran away in supreme disgust, leaving the man still running around the tree. It appears that instead of getting hold of an intestine, the Indians had taken up the end of a tape-worm, and this had gradually wound out from the inside of the man's body. A few days afterward the disembowelled victim put in an appearance at *Sante Fe*, feeling 'as well as could be expected.' In substantiation of this story, the tree is still to be seen."

—THE SAME valued correspondent sends us the two anecdotes next following, the first of which is particularly good:

"A few days since 'Harper's Magazine' published a story respecting waltzing, which was pretty good. Another has been told, which is as follows: A young gentleman, in company with a number of young ladies, asked one of the latter to play a waltz for him on the piano. The lady of course complied, and the gentleman led a handsome girl on the carpet, and there placed his arm around her waist as if ready for the waltz. The music went on, but the couple did not dance. The lady at the piano observed this, and asked the young man why he did not commence waltzing. 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't know the step; *I only know the hold!*'"

"Your story in the last number of *THE LAKESIDE* reminds me of another which

occurred in Rock Island years ago. At that time there lived near the town an old fellow known as 'The Mo-God,' on account of the peculiar character of his oaths, he usually making use of that word as an expletive. Once upon a time he brought five pounds of butter to town which he wished to sell. He travelled about to one store after another, but all to no purpose—he could get but six cents a pound for it. He became indignant, and taking his butter out into the streets, he exclaimed: 'The Rock Island butter market is glutted—five pounds of butter have glutted the market,' and incontinently threw the butter into the street where he left it, and went home in high dudgeon."

—THE SOVEREIGN American citizen is very apt to consider himself fully on a par with, if not somewhat superior, to the President or Vice-President of the Republic, and to address those dignitaries on a decidedly free and familiar terms of acquaintanceship. Particularly is this the case when your sovereign American is of the journalistic profession, and hence belonging to the first estate of the realm; and most particularly so when he has down a few stiff horns of the corn-distilled beverage of American patriots—which last alone is said, indeed, to make lords of us all.

Not to generalize further, we will a tale unfold, concerning the recent visit of Vice-President Colfax to Chicago, in connection with the annual festivities of the Odd-Fellows. Mr. Colfax is one of the foremost of these devoted brethren, and was of course down for one of his grateful speeches. Equally of course, there was a good delegation of reporters present to catch the words which fell from his smiling lips. Among those knights of the many pencils was B—, of the daily *T—*, with instructions to make a full short hand report. Of B—'s condition, it is sufficient to say that he fulfilled all three of the conditions specified in the first paragraph. That is, he had dined generously enough to feel a rather lofty contempt for mankind in general, and all such trumpery as Vice-Presidents in particular; also for the routine of a reporter's

duties. Accordingly, when the Vice-President had done speaking, he (B——) favored that gentleman with an autograph note, asking if he (Colfax) would write out his speech. The Vice-President, scanning the name, and especially that of the paper to which B—— announced himself as belonging, replied in the affirmative; and, true to his word, as soon as the meeting was out, hastened around to the office of the T—— and commenced writing out his remarks with great industry. The great parliamentarian had been engaged nearly half an hour, scratching away among the other reporters, when B——, who had been "out to see a man," and evidently encountered two or three of them, came swaggering in, with:

"S Brother Colfax been in 'ere?"

By this time he had got abreast of the illustrious reporter, whom he hailed with "Huillo, Brother Colfax! How are you now? Don't you think you rather o-(hic)-overdid yourself to-night?"

Mr. Colfax was not, with all his amiability, quite ready to assent to this, and so he quietly asked in what respect he had "overdone himself."

"Well," explained B——, "you talked a good deal, and you talked pretty well; but you talked a *good deal o' nonsense*."

The Vice-President sat still and smiled, and B—— went out and smiled; but he was out of a situation the next day, for the first time in several years.

— EX-GOV. HAWLEY, of Connecticut, who has recently had some very high words with Butler, during which both parties got called by some very hard names, has a lecture ready to deliver on "The Gentleman in Politics." Gentlemen are so rare in politics now-a-days that if the Governor had an article of the sort to exhibit, along with his lecture, it would prove so great a rarity that it would beat Tom Thumb and the Cardiff Giant together in drawing audiences.

— THE WAY in which massive and elegant buildings are going up in Chicago is a marvel. The most marked advances in this direction thus far, next to the grand hotels, have been seen in the theatre im-

provements, which have resulted in giving Chicago five theatres which, for size and elegance, are surpassed in no city in the Union. Mr. Albert Crosby, the proprietor of the Crosby Opera House, has not been derelict in his manifest duty of seeing that Chicago eclipses the world in the grandeur of her principal Opera House. The auditorium of this celebrated theatre was already superior to that of any other in the country for size and adaptedness, and it only remained to make it not only more elegant than any other, but to make it so much more elegant that no builder of theatres in America (most extravagant of countries in this regard) would soon attempt to eclipse. This Mr. Crosby, who is himself a great *connoisseur* in matters of art, determined to do. The result of this determination has been the expenditure of \$80,000 in decorations and upholstery merely. How this was applied, and what it has produced, we have no space to describe in detail. An idea of the magnificence of everything used may be obtained from the fact that the whole acre or so of seats are stuffed, bottom and back, with the costliest material, covered with crimson plush which would cost about \$8 per yard in this market, and trimmed with gold moulding; and that the richness of the upholstery extends to the uppermost gallery, which is usually done in the roughest way, but which, in this case, is made elegant as well as comfortable, by the same soft cushions and crimson rep covering. The floors are carpeted with 800 yards of velvet carpets, of the most *recherche* patterns. The decorations of the walls, proscenium, and ceilings, the immense chandeliers, the dazzling roof lights, the rich inlaid work of the parquette floor and the wainscotings, and the real bronze statues which confront the visitor everywhere through the approaches, stairways, and lobbies, all produce and leave an impression upon his mind which finds expression in the exclamation "Gorgeous!" But this gorgeousness is nowhere too glaring, and the visitor's comfort is never lost sight of in the effort to charm his eyes. Crosby's Opera House has numbered seats for 2,000 people, lobbies which often contain half as many

more, a stage which easily accommodates 300 people, with scenery, and an orchestra box which holds 83 musicians. It will witness this winter a more brilliant season than ever before, embracing the performances of the Nilsson Italian Opera, the Parepa-Rosa English Opera, Theodore Thomas's orchestra concerts, German Opera, with Wachtel as tenor, the Vienneoise Female Orchestra, etc., etc.

— A CORRESPONDENT in the city sends us the three following, which he appropriately groups under the general head of "Quiddities." The first is a neat piece of doggerel, which we print with the hope that some acute reader will be able to discover in it points which are to us occult:

QUID PRO QUO.

If Quid is Quo
And Quo is Quid,
You nothing owe
Old Quo, old Quid!

If Quid's not Quo
And Quo's not Quid,
You something owe —
A tertium quid.

If Quid goes up
And Quo goes down
Old Quid is rich
Quo's on the town.

So Quid pro Quo
Is not the plan
For Quid or Quo
Or any other man.

Quid pro Quo—again.—This, continues our correspondent, in plain prose, is more than a commercial maxim. It finds its symbol in a pair of scales on the balance. Double entry is the only plan of keeping accounts, either spiritual or temporal. We have full faith that the celestial book-keepers keep accounts on this principle, for it is said that in an instant a man may see how he stands up there. A college acquaintance—now the head of a flourishing commercial college in Albany, N. Y.—surprised me a short time since by exhibiting to me a scheme of moral science founded on the principle of double-entry. It had the

merit of simplicity, if not of sense. He gave me a chart, by consulting which, I was able to see at a glance how my account stood. This paper-conscience did not please me over much to have about, as I was sufficiently punched by the one inside; so I gave it to a distinguished professor of moral science who is writing a book.

Concerning Quid only.—By the old Levitical law, creatures chewing the cud were clean. They certainly make the cattle-yard a serene, peaceful spot, suggestive of anything else than blood and death, breathing over all the spirit of placid and philosophic thought.

We cannot say that the average wide-awake American is any more picturesque through this habit of post-prandial mastication of the "weed which soothes but not intoxicates." It is a habit which in no sense harmonizes with a serene domesticity. "It is the enemy of sweetness and every neatness, of kisses and domestic blisses." The old bachelor entrenched in his crust, his rust and dust behind his quid, is well fortified against Cupid. Dirt and squirt agree in rhyme as well as reason. Upon the altar of "Cavendish," the average American sacrifices much, but without this, the physiological orators of either sex would lose many a text.

The sailor, from time immemorial, has been a devotee of Nicotex (*anglice* pig-tail). His oblations at her shrine, though no more picturesque than the landsman's, imperil no side interests. "The girl I've left behind me," of whom he sings so lustily, though truly, the sailor's load-star, neither boxes his compass or his ears at sea.

To the "old salt" this quid is an invaluable chronometer, which needs no compensation pendulum. "The thick rotundity of the earth" affects not it, nor yet the polar ice or tropic heat. By rolling his tongue into his cheek, and his eyes meditatively backward into his sense box in the direction of the pineal gland, he can tell you the time of day or night to a fraction of a second.

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14th. *Because* The stitch can be taken out, the thread re-wound on the spools and started again from any desired point, without breaking either thread or marring the work. (N. B.—This is a feature entirely new and peculiar to this machine.)

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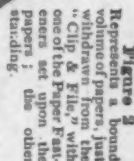
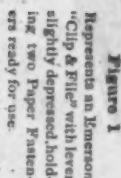
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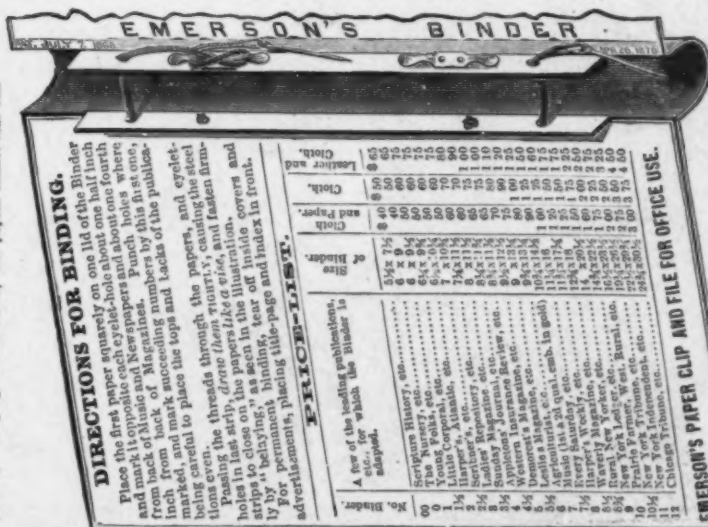


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